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Memoir of the Life and Services of Vice-Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, Baronet, K.C.B. Edited by the Rev. HENRY RAIKES, Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester. Lond. 8vo., pp. 652. 1846.

THIS volume, as the editor himself confesses, is far from fulfilling the promise of its title-page. It by no means gives an adequate account of the "services" of Sir Jahleel Brenton; which well deserved a separate record, more ample than could be expected from any general historian of the fleet. We may hope to see this defect supplied by some gentleman of the admiral's own cloth; but a valuable opportunity has been lost in consequence of the selection of Mr. Raikes for the editorship of his papers. A writer having the free command of these fresh materials, and also the ability and the inclination to do justice to his brilliant exploits, might have produced a biography of deep and varied interest, sure to command a station in every library on the same shelf with Lord Collingwood's Letters and the Life of Lord de Saumarez. The risk now is that while this compilation finds a warm reception among sober and thoughtful circles at home, the comparative poverty of its naval details may prove a grievous obstacle to its circulation among the classes most likely to be benefited by the whole example of such a life as Brenton's. It is much to be regretted that the task had not devolved upon some well-trained officer, proud of the hero, and yet not ashamed of the Christian.

At the same time a few random dips into the chapters—not to mention the homily called a preface—may convey an exaggerated notion of the extent to which the work is really deficient—or, according to the modern phrase, one-sided. The truth is that, although whoever would study sea-fights and naval tactics must consult different authorities, we have here such a view of the admiral's professional progress as may probably satisfy most landmen; and that, though such matters are throughout subordinated to the exposition of his moral and religious feelings and motives, that exposition is itself calculated to arrest by degrees the interest, the respect, the admiration of every candid mind. There is hardly a line from Sir Jahleel's own pen, or the survivors of his family, that any reader would wish to have been omitted. The misfortune is that the Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester seems to have been haunted from first to last with—not, what would have been very reasonable, a consciousness that no one ought to undertake the biography of a distinguished sailor unless he be capable of entering with full zest into details of martial achievement—but a sort of penitential misgiving that a dignified ecclesiastic can never be quite well employed on any literary task which is not expressly and exclusively theological; and the readiest device that occurred to him for easing his conscience, was to dock and pare away to the utmost every scene and transaction in which Brenton displayed no qualities but what might have shone out, under the like circumstances, in "Nelson, Howe, or Jervis," and to fill the vacated space with reflections and speculations of his own, which it might have been more

judicious to reserve for a volume of sermons. But, happily, whenever the modest hero himself had recorded any scene of professional glory, reverence for the dead, or deference to the living, appears to have restrained the pruning hook; and there are perhaps three hundred pages in this corpulent octavo, for the sake of which we should tolerate the cost of the other 352.

The name *Jahleel* suggests a puritan pedigree; and the Brentons emigrated to America during the troubled period of Charles I.; but Mr. Raikes' narrative includes no distinct mention of their religious tenets. The first pilgrim must have carried some wealth and consideration with him, for within a year after his arrival he was named one of the "select men" of Massachusetts; and, after filling various other public offices, he died governor of Rhode Island in the latter years of Charles II. His son, Jahleel II., was collector of the customs in New England under King William; and in the next generation Jahleel III., who seems to have been one of the chief landowners in New England, married the daughter of Samuel Cranstoun, governor of that colony, a younger son of the noble house of Cranstoun. By this lady he had seven daughters and eight sons, one of whom, Jahleel IV., married Henrietta Cowley, (of the Cowleys of Worcestershire,) who brought him a large family. Their eldest son, Jahleel V., the subject of these memoirs, was born in August, 1770.

The fourth Jahleel in his youth entered the royal navy; but had attained only the rank of lieutenant, and was living quietly on the patrimonial estate in Rhode Island, when the fatal disturbances began. He was a man of high character and respectable talents, and had many attached friends among the leaders of the revolutionary cause. Every effort was made to enlist him on their side; he was offered at once the very highest rank in their naval armament; but no blandishments could shake his loyalty. Persecution was then tried, and with equal success. He at last escaped to a British cruiser off the coast. He seems to have had his two elder sons with him, and some time afterwards his wife and younger children joined him in England. All but a small fragment of a liberal fortune was sacrificed in consequence of this gentleman's adhesion to his duty as a British subject. He served with reputation in the years immediately ensuing; rose to be a post captain, and brought up three sons (all that outlived infancy) to the same profession. It is pleasing to see that his latter days were made comfortable by the appointment of regulating captain at Edinburgh, in which office he died about 1800.

It would be interesting to have a catalogue of the eminent Americans whose more direct services to the old country were the result of their attachment to honor and the monarchy. It would include not a few illustrious names in various departments—some of them still living ones.

Mr. Raikes owes to a surviving sister of Sir Jahleel's this anecdote of his first voyage—when he and his next brother accompanied their father in his escape from America to England. Miss Brenton says:—

"My brother has often conversed with me on the

subject of courage, and drawn the distinction between moral and physical courage. He felt that his was not natural, but acquired. His first trial was at the age of seven, when he first went to sea with his father. A supposed enemy came in sight, and the ship cleared for action. My two brothers immediately sought a secure hiding place, but their father, discovering their intention, called them, and with a stern voice told them, that if they attempted to run from the enemy's guns he would immediately shoot them. The threat was believed, though it was totally in opposition to my father's nature, and the greater and immediate danger superseded the one which had been anticipated. My brothers remained by the side of their father on deck; but the threat was never forgotten, and the dread of disgrace soon became stronger with them than that of death."—p. 401.

The younger brother of this story was also in after life an officer of distinguished gallantry—the same Captain Edward Pelham Brenton known in literature by his *Naval History*, 5 vols. 8vo. But we must reject the date assigned to the incident. In the voyage of 1778 the father was himself but a passenger, and though he would be sure to prepare for taking a part in defending the ship, we cannot imagine that he would have compelled, or even permitted, two passenger boys, the elder only seven years of age, to expose themselves to the dangers of the deck.

It was not till 1780 that Mrs. Brenton reached this country, and in 1781 Jahleel, now aged eleven years, embarked as midshipman in the *Queen*, of which his father had obtained the command. It was probably in the *Queen* that the incident just referred to occurred—and perhaps Mr. Raikes has blundered eleven into seven. At the peace of 1783 the boy was placed in the Maritime School at Chelsea, where he spent two industrious and profitable years. In 1785 he joined his family, then resident at St. Omer's, his father being anxious that he should not miss such an opportunity for gaining command of the French language. In the course of a couple of years he had done so completely—and the accomplishment was of the highest advantage to him afterwards. He had also by that time acquired skill in the use of his pencil—an art which he cultivated throughout his active life, and in which he found a solace for the retirement of his honored age. His juvenile attainments in this way were indeed so remarkable that, his health being delicate, and a long peace anticipated, his parents proposed sending him to Italy to be trained regularly for the profession of a painter, and the lad himself entered warmly into the scheme. But before he got up next morning, as he was meditating on the projected journey to Rome, his eye rested on the midshipman's dirk suspended over his fireplace; at the sight of it, he tells us, "old associations and prospects crowded in upon him," and at breakfast he announced his anxiety to be sent to sea again on the first opportunity—a feeling with which the elder Jahleel was sure to sympathize.

We find him afloat accordingly in 1787, on board the *Dido*, Captain Sandys; they sailed for Nova Scotia; and during two years Jahleel's principal occupation was in sounding and surveying various bays and harbors of that coast. But he often was ashore, and found friends and relations to welcome him among the many American loyalists who had removed to Halifax. It was here, when still in his eighteenth year, that he formed an attachment for Miss Isabella Stewart, a most lovable creature only

six months younger, who at last rewarded a constancy of many years by becoming his wife. We have some details of this genuine romance from his own pen, set down for his children's sake soon after he had buried their mother; but we had better defer them till we reach the period of the wedding. He passed his examination in March, 1790, but saw little prospect of his commission, this country being at peace with all her neighbors. Like several other midshipmen similarly situated, he presently consented to accept the rank of lieutenant in the Swedish service, and repaired to the Baltic to join the fleet of Gustavus III., then making great efforts against the overwhelming encroachments of Russia. But the Swede had sustained a fatal discomfiture before Brenton reached the scene of action, and he and his party of comrades, after some months of hard toil and misery, including a terrible shipwreck, returned home in a state of most wretched destitution; the government at Stockholm never disbursing any pay till some time afterwards, and then only a paltry fragment of what had been earned by these rash volunteers. Jahleel had been tempted especially by Sir Sidney Smith, who took Swedish rank at this time, and who had himself first gone afloat under the elder Brenton; but on this point he does not dwell in his memoranda. There, writing in his old days, he simply says:—

"In after life, when better acquainted with my religious duties, I have felt and acknowledged the guilt of this step, for such it was; but I was led away by the idea of acquiring distinction and eminence, so natural in youthful minds, and so powerfully excited by the biography of those whom the world holds up to admiration for their conduct in arms, without any reference to the cause which alone can render war justifiable."—p. 40.

It must have been a consolation to the veteran that he had not taken part in any action between Swede and Muscovite. There was no actual stain of blood on his hand. It is plain that if there had been, he could not have acquitted himself to his own conscience of the crime of murder; and we shall ever adhere to the opinion which we expressed when reviewing the history of the Anti-Carlist Legion, that no less is the guilt of every military man who has been accessory to the slaughter of one fellow-creature, otherwise than under the flag or in the avowed cause of his own country.

Mr. Brenton got his commission as lieutenant in the autumn of 1790, and was thenceforth afloat, with hardly an intermission, until the peace of Amiens, serving under a variety of captains and acquiring the approbation and regard of them all. On one occasion of shifting, it was convenient for him to take a passage from Cadiz in a Spanish man-of-war, bringing treasures to England for settlement of the Nootka Sound business. He says in his *memoranda*:—

"I eagerly caught at the opportunity of seeing the system of the Spanish navy; and my wish being made known to the Spanish commander, he immediately invited me to take my passage with him, in the *St. Elmo*, where I was treated with the greatest hospitality.

"This ship had been selected as one in the best state of discipline in the Spanish navy, to be sent to England. She was commanded by Don Lorenzo Goyechea, a gallant seaman, who had commanded one of the junk ships destroyed before Gibraltar in 1781. I had during this voyage an opportunity of appreciating Spanish management at sea. When the ship was brought under double reefed topsails,

it was considered superfluous to lay the cloth for dinner; and when I remonstrated, I was told by the captain, that not one officer would be able to sit at table, being all sea-sick; but that he had directed dinner to be got in his own cabin for himself and me. A few nights before our arrival at Falmouth, the ship having whole sails and topping sails, was taken aback in a heavy squall from the N. E., and I was awake by the English pilot knocking at my cabin door, calling out, 'Mr. Brenton, Mr. Brenton, rouse out, sir; here is the ship running away with these Spaniards.' When I got upon deck, I found this was literally the case. She was running away at the rate of twelve knots, and everything in confusion; she was indeed, to use the ludicrous simile of a naval captain, 'all adrift, like a French postchaise.' It required some hours to get things to rights, and the wind having moderated, we then resumed our course and reached Falmouth. The Spanish posadas are proverbially wretched; and great was the astonishment of the officers of the *St. Elmo* on reaching Williams' Hotel at Falmouth, by no means at that time a first-rate inn. Still, such was the effect produced by the carpet, the fire, and the furniture in general, that it was some time before they could be persuaded that I had not conducted them to some nobleman's house, in return for their hospitality to me; the *bill*, however, dispelled this pleasant delusion."—p. 54.

We cannot resist a little scene at Gravesend, soon after the lieutenant had joined his new ship, the *Sybil*:

"A boat full of men was proceeding to an East Indiaman, and I, who was at the time walking the deck with the captain, was ordered to take a boat and examine them. I found them sheltered under a regular protection signed by the Lords of the Admiralty, and stated to be in force for three days from its date. The date had been omitted, perhaps purposely; and the paper had probably been procured by a crimp, in order to cover the men he was in the habit of sending down to the ships at Gravesend. The boat, therefore, was brought alongside the *Sybil*; and the captain, not finding any prime seamen amongst them, was satisfied with taking two healthy-looking Irish lads, Mike and Pat Corfield by name, one about twenty years old, and the other under nineteen. The lads were greatly distressed at being put on board a man of war, of which they had undoubtedly heard many terrible things. It was, however, past twelve o'clock when they arrived, and the pipe had just been given for dinner. The young Irishmen were accordingly supplied with their portion of bread, soup, and meat; when Pat, smiling through his tears, said, 'Mike, let us send for mother.'

"This little speech was related to the amusement of the officers for the moment, and was soon forgotten; but many weeks afterwards, when the ship was at Spithead, a boat came off, in which were not only the mother, but also the little brother of the Corfields. Their meeting seemed to interest every one in their favor. The whole family were of course to live, while they remained together, upon the allowance of the two sailors; but the officers having interceded with the captain, little Edmund, the younger brother, about ten years of age, was put on the books, which gave a third allowance; in the mean time the two elder had procured and slung a hammock for the mother, and another for the little fellow, and every accommodation was given them by their shipmates, to whom this conduct had endeared them. The mother by washing more than

furnished her quota for the mess; and the whole were kept by her care so clean and tidy that they were noticed for their good appearance."—p. 57.

In the same winter of 1794-5 the *Sybil* was constantly passing between England and the Dutch coast, and she assisted in bringing home our troops after their disastrous retreat. By this time an "extraordinary disease" had affected many of the *Sybil*'s marines—a sort of ossification or hardening of the knee-joint, so serious that in several cases the men were lame for life. Colonel Boardman, of the Blues, was now a passenger, and on hearing the surgeon's account of the matter, he observed the marines for some hours with attention, and then hinted that he thought he could point out the cause of mischief. During day-time the marines wore thick woollen breeches and long worsted stockings. After sunset the parade-dress was laid aside, and they encountered the night-air in canvass trousers—so that the knee had less than half its former protection, exactly when protection was most needful. The colonel's hint was taken, and no more cases occurred. On the same trip Brenton was amused with this trait of an old quartermaster, a Swede, commonly called Johnny Iceberg. He had a favorite cat which slept in his hammock, and when he had the watch on deck played its gambols in the rigging, leaping from it to the spanker-boom, and thence to the boat slung astern. One night the cat missed the boat, and great was the despair of Johnny. Instantly recollecting himself, however, he caught up a pet dog of the captain's, dropped her into the waves, and giving the alarm lustily, volunteered for the rescue. The "staid lieutenant" assented. Mr. Iceberg jumped into the boat—picked up puss—and then, at his leisure, looked after Echo.

We must pass a vast variety of minor services while he still held the rank of lieutenant. It is sufficient that while in that station he had earned the warm esteem and affection of two such chiefs as Saumarez and St. Vincent. Being first-lieutenant of the *Gibraltar*, a huge three-decker, when she most narrowly escaped being driven on an ironbound coast, during a fearful gale which had forced her from her moorings, the command at the very crisis devolved on him in consequence of the captain's being disabled by the falling of a spar—and, to the astonishment of all, Brenton's perfect coolness and dexterity were crowned with the ultimate preservation of the ship. More admirable seamanship was never exhibited: his own journal modestly suggests that all efforts might have been fruitless unless the vessel had been of very singular construction—Spanish built, her lower part one enormous mass of solid mahogany: but Lord St. Vincent considered him entitled to instant promotion, and he became captain of the *Speedy* sloop. Here he soon signalized himself in various gallant affairs off the Spanish coast—and in December, 1799, particularly, his repulsion of a French privateer and a whole swarm of gun-boats, with the consequent rescue of a convoy of provisions urgently required at the Rock, a service performed with means apparently quite inadequate and under the eyes of the garrison, was judged worthy of a new promotion. The ship's rigging was so crippled on one side that he could not control a formidable leak, otherwise than by keeping on the starboard tack and so standing across the strait to Tetuan: but as soon as he had refitted and came into Gibraltar bay again, Governor O'Hara gave out "*Speedy*" for the evening parole and "*Brenton*" for the countersign. O'Hara at the same

time wrote to the Admiralty, urging Brenton's claim to be posted; and as soon as Nelson was informed of the particulars, he also volunteered a like recommendation. Lord Nelson's letter (Palermo, Dec. 7, 1799) is to be found in Sir Harris Nicolas' great collection—the necessary and most acceptable pendant to that of Colonel Gurwood. Nelson extols Captain Brenton's "uncommon skill and gallantry," and adds, as what ought to give his recommendation more weight, that a younger brother, Lieutenant James Brenton, had but a few days before lost his life, in a service of the most daring sort, off Minorca.

It is entirely hopeless to reconcile Mr. Raikes' narrative of the events following these testimonials with the ascertained dates, some of which he himself transcribes. He rightly tells us that Brenton had a principal share in the two battles of Algeiras, being then flag-captain to Sir James Saumarez in the *Cæsar*; but he adds that Saumarez, anxious to give him a lift, offered to make him the bearer of the despatches announcing his victory at Algeiras, and that Brenton declined this honor, being determined not to quit the *Cæsar* while there was any prospect of more fighting, and that he did so at no ordinary sacrifice of his personal feelings, because he knew that exactly at that time Miss Stewart, whom he had not seen since his midshipman days, was on her passage from America to England. Now Mr. Raikes prints Sir Jahleel's own statement that he was married in the spring of 1800, and it is recorded in every history of the war that the affairs of Algeiras were in the summer of 1801. Our readers will see presently how many of the dates in Mr. Raikes' own book contradict his gratuitous addition to a romance which needed no such heightening. Meantime, Brenton certainly returned to England in the beginning of 1800—the *Speedy*, as we suppose, being then paid off—and in April of that year he had the reward of his long-tried constancy to his early flame.

Here is his own account of his love passages, from the Memoranda drawn up for his children in his widowhood:—

"The parents of your inestimable mother had long been settled in America, and she was born at Annapolis in Maryland. There was a considerable analogy in the fortunes of our early days; her father as well as mine having lost the greater part of his property in consequence of his attachment and loyalty to his sovereign, and being obliged to take refuge under the protection of the British arms.

"In 1788 I went out as a midshipman to Halifax. She had just completed her seventeenth year, and I was still in my eighteenth. I felt from the first day of our meeting a delight in her society, and a wish to be in the constant enjoyment of it, to a degree which was quite unusual with me. Our situations in life were too distant from each other for me to form any hope of gaining her affections. Young women take their place in society so early in life, in comparison with what is customary with the other sex, that I saw her placed in a situation far above mine. She might have been justified in looking forward to an alliance with the highest individual in the colony; whilst I had still a long servitude to perform, and a very remote prospect of ever being able to gain that rank in my profession which could authorize me to look up to the possession of her, even were it possible for me to gain an interest in her heart. That I did love her is most certain; but (I thought) it was a love arising

from gratitude. I was naturally shy and diffident in society. She seemed to pity me, and to endeavor by every act of kind attention to give me comfort and to promote my happiness. That I did frequently indulge visionary schemes of future felicity, in which she always occupied the front ground, is very true; but they were views which I thought it impossible ever to be realized. I considered it almost impossible, that with such a mind as she possessed—so cherished as she was by all who had the happiness of knowing her, she could long remain single: and when I had attained to manhood, and had established in my mind the firm conviction that this amiable creature was of all others the most likely to ensure my happiness, I did not allow myself to make an effort to obtain her affections, lest I might never have it in my power to place her in such a situation as might be worthy of her; and lest it might prevent her acceptance of the offer of some person more capable of making her happy than myself.

"During eleven years from this period of our separation, in all the varieties of service, situation and society in which I was placed, these sentiments never quitted me. It was not until I rose to the rank of commander that I thought myself justified in looking to her as the object of my ambition. I had, during the course of this time, in a correspondence with my dear cousin, made our mutual friend the subject of the greater part of our letters; but with little hope or prospect that my wishes could ever be realized. My beloved Isabella however became acquainted, by means of these, with the steadiness of my attachment to her.

"After having been more than a year in the command of the *Speedy*, and during that period having had the happiness to obtain, in several instances, the approbation of my commander-in-chief, my prospects in the navy seemed so flattering, that although I had not been successful in a pecuniary point of view, I felt myself justified in endeavoring to excite an interest in the affections of her who had so long possessed mine; and wrote to her accordingly. But after writing the letter, in order firmly to establish in my own mind that I was acting from deliberate conviction—that I was not carried away by such visionary schemes as too often haunt the imagination of those who from the nature of their profession are debarred from general society—I kept the letter by me. I had given my father a promise that I would never marry until I had attained the rank of post-captain, when I knew I should have his perfect consent and approbation with regard to the object I had in view; I was therefore resolved not to take so important a step until I should feel perfectly justified in doing so. I frequently read over the letter, and found that my sentiments were daily strengthened; that no alteration was made either by increase of rank; by professional success, which was the cause of it; or by my more intimate acquaintance with the higher classes of society, to which, through the friendship and kindness of my excellent friend and patron, Lord St. Vincent, I was soon after introduced. On the contrary, the rank and honors acquired an additional value from the hope that they would be acceptable to my beloved Isabella; whilst her sweetness of disposition and consistency of character constantly rose in my estimation, by contrasting them with what I met with, however superior many of her sex might have been in beauty of person and in the advantages of rank and fortune.

"Upon my arrival in England I dispatched the

letter, and remained in anxious expectation of the result for some weeks. At length the answer arrived; and delightful as the contents were to me, in assuring me that I had long been the object of her affections, the ideas of happiness which it excited in my mind were not to be compared to the real felicity which I subsequently enjoyed during the whole course of our union."—p. 133.

In amatory fictions the wooing usually extends over three volumes, all but one chapter, which suffices for the winning; and which, with the older class of writers, often includes a Pisgah view of rather remote results. Captain Brenton's leisurely romance seems to have been crowned at last with a rapidity quite *secundum artem*. He reached England, as we have said, in the beginning of 1800—he saw Miss Stewart for the first time after that long interval on the 14th of April—he was married to her on the 19th of April—and exactly "nine months after that"—on the 19th of January, 1801—a boy was born, whom he named John Jervis Brenton, in honor of his warm patron Lord St. Vincent.*

The editor concludes his verbose apology for inserting this pretty episode by saying: "It is due to those who may be benefited by his example, to let them see the power which may be given to principle, when principle is founded on religion; and the degree in which the tenderness of affection may be combined with firmness, when the whole mind is brought under the influence of the Gospel." (p. 138.) He then transcribes a prayer from poor Mrs. Brenton's note-book, dated on New Year's day, 1801, in these words: "To Thee, Almighty God, I return my most hearty and humble thanks for the blessings I have, through Thy divine mercy, been permitted to enjoy during the past year, and also for the prospect of happiness on my entrance into the coming one. Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may so conduct myself as to merit a continuance of Thy goodness; and that as a wife and mother I may render myself worthy of Thy protection; and in the performance of my duty as a Christian, become more deserving of Thy divine favor, through the mediation of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Whereupon Mr. Raikes adds:

"The above prayer is inserted, not as being a model of what prayer should be, for in that respect the discernment of a religious mind will see its deficiency; but rather because it is considered valuable as exhibiting the mild, gentle, and affectionate spirit from which it proceeded, and as filling up the portraiture of her character. At the same time, and to reply at once to similar remarks, the editor would beg leave to say, that if this prayer seems incorrect in expression, or in any sense to ask amiss, it must not be forgotten that there are seasons and cases when the heart anticipates the head, and when the warmth of feeling and simple piety supply what is wanting in theological knowledge. At this period of their lives, neither the subject of this memoir nor his partner saw things as they saw them afterwards; but they were faithful to the light they had, and they walked according to it; and though that light was as yet but dim, it was sufficient to guide those into the way of truth who were willing to be led."—p. 139.

* By the bye, the editor, to say nothing more of mere dates, is above paying attention to mere morals; for according to p. 137, the hero's return to England was in "September, 1800"—which would have rendered John Jervis' appearance in January, 1801, (p. 140,) rather a startling feature in the history of the heroine.

We humbly confess our conviction that, unless Mr. Raikes had himself suggested his critical objections, no human creature would have thought of making any "similar remarks" on this happy young *enclave* wife's private act of devotion. We must add, that a pious commentator seems more likely to do harm than good by representing even an honest and romantic sailor's constancy to his true love, as a thing only to be accounted for by "the whole mind being brought under the influence of the Gospel." And then how does he reconcile that phrase with what he tells us in the next page about the husband and wife alike having as yet only "a dim light!" We should have thought that a man, whose "whole mind" was "under the influence of the gospel," would have been considered by the whole chapter of Chester to have a very tolerable light for his guidance.

This, however, is a trifle—we object to far more than a logical lapsus. But we beg Mr. Raikes to understand that our quarrel is only with the narrow meaning which he affixes to the words "influence of the gospel." If he had expressed his opinion that in the Christendom of our day a love so pure and enduring as Brenton's could not be found in a deliberate infidel, we should have cordially agreed with him. It is only in the diseased imagination of poets or romancers that high genuine love is ever conceived of as existing where humility is not; and the deliberate rejection of Christianity is by far the completest evidence of presumption and conceit that any human being can now exhibit. But "the influence of the gospel," in the sense of Mr. Raikes, is confined to those who have adopted Mr. Raikes' own peculiar doctrinal views—or, by the very largest stretch, to those who have habitually made religious matters the principal subject of their thoughts and contemplations. And it is to this that we demur—for we should have a frightful idea indeed of the world about us, if we did not believe that the influence of the gospel has exalted and refined the heart and character of many a man who is hardly conscious that such influence has reached him. And so it was with Brenton himself, if the capacity for genuine love is only coexisting with the reception of this divine influence, for we shall find him by and by confessing that down to some considerable time after his marriage the subject of religion had never occupied his mind seriously at all. We think he did himself injustice when he supposed this to have been the case; but certainly down to that time he had not so occupied his thoughts with religion that Mr. Raikes would have pronounced him to be under the influence of the gospel—far less to have his "whole mind" under that influence.

Although no one could make out the fact from this book, Captain Brenton remained but a short time in England after his marriage. By April, or at latest by May, 1801, he had been appointed to the *Cæsar*, of 80 guns, carrying the flag of Saumarez; and in July, as already stated, occurred the double battle of Algeiras.

We need hardly remind any one much interested in the events of the war, how important its results was the demolition of the brave *Linois*' squadron, now effected by Saumarez; at any rate, however, a clear account is at hand in the 33rd chapter of Mr. Alison's History. The first attack (July 5) failed; and the flag-ship had been so grievously shattered, that Saumarez, when after three days he resolved on renewing the attempt, had no hope of her being able to bear the brunt

again, and announced his intention of shifting his flag to a smaller vessel. Brenton begged a reprieve—called his company together—and explained the case. The men answered with an universal shout of "All day and all night!"—and though that was impossible, for three days and three nights the captain himself never lay down to sleep. The *Cæsar* was ready by the 13th, and as she stood out, Brenton says:—

"A small boat was seen, with two men in white dresses, pulling off to the ship; and on coming alongside they proved to be two of the crew, who had been wounded on the 13th, and sent to the hospital. Having applied to the surgeon for permission to return on board, and being refused on account of their wounds, they ran away in their hospital garb, and finding a boat on the beach, took possession, and pulled off to join their commander."—p. 120.

In announcing his victory to the Admiralty, Saumarez says, "I feel it incumbent on me to state to their lordships the great merits of Captain Brenton of the *Cæsar*, whose cool judgment and intrepid conduct, I will venture to pronounce, were never surpassed." (p. 109.) For full details of the action itself, we may refer to his brother's *Naval History*, (vol. iii., chap. ii. ;) but we must transcribe another sentence from his own diary: "On visiting the hospital on my tour of duty a few days after the battle, I observed a poor fellow who had lost both his arms above the elbow. I asked what were his wishes for the future; whether to be sent to Greenwich, or to have a pension for life in the place of his nativity. He replied, 'I hope, your honor, it is not so bad with me yet; I know the cook of the — he has lost both his arms—but there is not a handier fellow in the fleet.'" (p. 120.)

Brenton continued in the *Cæsar* for nearly two years; and never was a happier ship's company—for the admiral and his captain were united in cordial friendship, and sympathized fervently in the endeavor to promote the comfort and the improvement of all under them—being rewarded, as we have seen, by the most affectionate and devoted attachment.

Our readers will thank us for resting a moment on the assistance which both received from the chaplain of the *Cæsar*—Mr. Evan Holiday. Sir Jahleel writes thus in his memoranda:—

"In the first place his conduct was so correct, and so accordant with his sacred functions, in his intercourse with his messmates, that the same guarded and decorous manners were preserved by them whilst he was present in the ward-room, as though a lady had been present; and that alone was a great point where so many young and high-spirited men were collected together, in all the thoughtlessness and buoyancy of early life; whilst at the same time he never assumed authority or discouraged innocent mirth; and on the contrary, was upon the kindest and most intimate terms with all. His public duties were most carefully and religiously performed. It was thought, and perhaps correctly, that his preaching was too exclusively moral; but it was according to the light he had acquired; and was most conscientiously given, as the best instruction he had to impart. His sermons were generally, it might almost be said always, applicable to existing circumstances, and had reference to some event, or some person, which it seemed expedient to advert to. He was most successful also in preventing the infliction of punishment, as well as in preventing the crimes which called for it. No sooner was a man put into the master-at-arms' list as a culprit,

than Mr. H. was in communication with him; got at his character, his motives, and the circumstances which had led him to commit the fault. It thus often happened that he found out such favorable points as enabled him to recommend the culprit to mercy, and to induce the captain to pardon him, on such recommendation coming from such a quarter; when otherwise he could not have done it without wounding the feelings of the officer who had made the complaint, and doing injury to the discipline of the ship. One remarkable instance may be named as an exhibition of his general practice. One of the seamen of the *Cæsar*, who had been on shore on liberty at Gibraltar, was brought off under a military guard, charged with robbing his messmate in the guard-house, whilst lying asleep there in the preceding night. Captain Brenton, knowing the man accused to be one of the most correct characters in the ship, as well as one of the best seamen, was greatly surprised at the charge; and expressed his astonishment to the man himself, that he, of all others, should be so inculpated. The man strenuously denied being guilty, but the evidence against him was so clear and so consistent that it was not possible to disregard it. Addressing the prisoner therefore, he said, 'Lewis, I cannot think you guilty, nor will I take it upon my own responsibility to act upon so awful an occasion: think well upon what has passed, for if you adhere to the protestation of your innocence, I must write for a court martial to be held upon you.' The accused replied, in the most respectful manner, 'Sir, I never can acknowledge being guilty of a crime of which you may well suppose me incapable; but as I have no witness to bring forward in my own behalf, I fear I must be condemned; and therefore I request you will cause me to be punished on board my own ship, as I feel convinced my punishment will then be less severe than what would be awarded by a court martial.' The captain replied, that he would never take upon himself the risk of punishing an innocent man, and again urged his confession of guilt; and then, consigning him to an arrest, wrote the letter; and before presenting it to the admiral, showed it to the accused, who, however, persisted in maintaining the charge to be false. The chaplain, who had attended this examination, requested to speak to the captain in private; when he said, 'Sir, there is something so very extraordinary in this affair, particularly as it involves such a man as Lewis, that I take the liberty of requesting that you will withhold the letter for the court martial until I can investigate the affair; and, if you will allow me, I will immediately go on shore for the purpose.' He accordingly went, and came off the following day in triumph, having detected a most abominable combination amongst some of the soldiers of the guard, by whom the charge had been fabricated, and who had themselves robbed the sleeping sailor. This was clearly proved to the entire satisfaction of the officers of the regiment. The real culprits were punished, and poor Lewis resumed the high character he had formerly borne, to the great joy of every one in the ship, and none more than Mr. Holiday."—p. 125.

"He was succeeded," adds the editor, "by a man of a different character. Hints were given, advice was tendered, but nothing produced any effect; the chaplain, contented with the formal discharge of his Sunday's duties, took no interest in the moral condition of the men, and as he knew nothing about their state, was never able to advocate their cause effectually or to befriend them. On his

leaving the ship Captain Brenton entered into a long and faithful exposition of the deficiencies in his conduct; and stated his conviction that three fourths of the punishments inflicted during the term of his chaplainship might have been avoided, had Mr. Holiday's paternal practice been maintained."

During the peace of Amiens, Captain Brenton spent his time happily with his wife at Alverstoke, and the moment that hostilities seemed again inevitable he applied for service. In March, 1803, accordingly, we find him at Spithead in command of the *Minerve*—a fine frigate, originally French; but in fitting her for sea her new captain sustained a most severe injury by the fall of a block, which produced inflammation of the brain, and wholly disabled him for a couple of months, during which another officer was substituted for him. He was, however, most impatient to resume his position, and he did so long before his doctors thought him able for it. In May, the war just opening, he reached Thornborough's squadron off the Texel, but was immediately detached in quest of some cruisers, and having gallantly captured several, joined the fleet blockading Cherbourg—in the highest spirits though still feeble in health. Within a few days more a very grievous misfortune befell him. He pursued and took a French vessel of strength superior to his own, and having sustained considerable damage, put in under a thick fog—close, as both he and his pilot supposed, to the *Isle Pélée*, but in reality under the very guns of the *Fort de la Liberté*, on the other side of Cherbourg Bay, and in the midst of a shoal, from which, when the fog cleared, he found it impossible to extricate the ship. Two armed sloops and a swarm of gun-boats soon neared him, and placed between their fire and that of a powerful fort, he continued for several hours to make most heroic resistance and every possible effort to haul clear of the sand—but all in vain. His brother gives an anecdote of this day, which Mr. Raikes could not be expected to copy:—

"A British sailor who had both his legs shot off while the *Minerve* lay under the fire of the batteries was carried to the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. Being told the ship was off the shoal, and would soon be clear of the forts, 'Then, d—n the legs!' exclaimed the poor fellow, and taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in the cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was taken he was placed in the boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but, determined not to outlive the loss of liberty, he slackened his tourniquets, and bled to death."—*Naval History*, vol. iii., p. 213.

The *Minerve* yielded on July 3, 1803. Bonaparte, having received the dispatch announcing the capture whilst in the theatre at Brussels, immediately rose and said, "Messieurs et Dames, la guerre navale a commencée sous les plus heureuses auspices." Une superbe frégate de l'ennemi vient de se rendre à deux de nos bâtimens canonniers"—not a word of the batteries or the shoal. Captain Brenton's captivity continued till the end of 1806; but it is needless to say that he was, when the time for trial came, not only honorably acquitted, but most warmly thanked for his conduct on the day of his calamity; and there is much reason to think that the calamity itself saved his life to the service, for

if he had remained at sea his exertions must have exposed him to the utmost danger in the then shattered condition of his frame. His misfortune, moreover, was in not a few of its immediate effects a signal blessing to others. The period of his detention in France forms, in fact, the most interesting feature in the life of Brenton; and, fortunately, we have it pretty fully recorded by himself.

The crew of the *Minerve* were ordered to proceed in the first instance to Epinal—the men one day's march ahead of the officers, and each party guarded by gendarmes. Though the officers were put on their parole, the orders of Bonaparte enjoined that they should be watched and restricted exactly as if that were not the case. The men had a ration of bread, a truss of straw, and three-half-pence each allowed them per day—the officers no more, unless they could find funds for themselves. Before starting, therefore, they converted what little trinkets they had about them into cash; but the Cherbourg-ers took advantage of their strait, and the captain himself, for example, was offered only five guineas on a gold watch recently purchased in London for thirty. He turned from the circle of shopkeepers, and was accosted by a fellow-traveller at the door of the inn:—

"Captain Brenton, expecting a similar offer, answered, 'Yes, but you will not buy it.' The stranger replied, 'That is more than you know; let me see it.' Upon examining the watch, he asked the original price of it, and being told thirty-one guineas, he said, 'Were I to buy your watch, I would only give fifteen; but as I only mean to take it in pledge, I will let you have twenty-five.' Captain Brenton, surprised at so novel a mode of making a bargain, said, laughing, 'You are an honest fellow than I took you for; give me the money, and take the watch.' The stranger's name was M. Dubois, a merchant of L'Orient. He came back in a few minutes, saying, 'Sir, I shall never forgive myself for having accepted a pledge from an officer suffering from the fortune of war. Take back the watch and give me your note of hand.' This being done with due acknowledgments, M. Dubois again left him, and in a short time again returned with twenty-five louis more, saying that he had been examining his purse, and found that he had that sum more than was necessary to carry him to L'Orient, and begging that he would accept of that also. Captain Brenton says each time that the kind merchant returned, he exclaimed, 'Monsieur, ma conscience me pique,' striking his breast; and the last time, 'Ma conscience me pique encore!' The captain observed that it must be a most unreasonable conscience not to be satisfied with what he had done; but he rejoined, 'No, sir, I ought not to have taken any security from you.'"—p. 153.

This was by no means a solitary example of French kindness and liberality. With few exceptions, the commanders of the detachments on the road and the governors of towns were disposed to relax the barbarous system of their despot; and the inhabitants on whom the officers were billeted in almost every case received them with humanity—in many, treated them as friends, and would accept no compensation for good suppers, beds, and breakfasts. The little midshipmen were at first surprised—"See the French general kissing our skipper!" Now and then a commandant of the real Bonaparte breeding occurred. One said to Brenton, "Je me moque de votre parole d'honneur—what is that?" "Sir," said the captain, "it is with English officers a thing stronger than any prison you have in

* Mr. Raikes quotes this, and yet places the date in 1801!

France." The ruffian scowled, but did not execute his threat of making the gentlemen pass the night in the jail. At Caen Brenton wrote to the great Parisian banker, M. Perregaux, to ask him to discount his and his officers' bills on our admiralty, and he had a most handsome answer—500 louis instantly in gold, and permission to draw for 2000 more if needed before the arrival of credits from England. Still the journey was long, fatiguing, and, for the poor improvident men at least, full of severe hardship and suffering. During the intermediate part, Brenton obtained from a succession of gentlemanlike commandants the indulgence of moving with his officers in advance of the men instead of in their rear, and then he got the money into his own hands and made such arrangements that on reaching their *gîte* the poor fellows found decent quarters and fare awaiting them; but in the early stages and again towards the close the consular regulation was enforced. The sailors, before the day's march closed, had spent their *sous* on brandy—often had sold even their bread, and had nothing for it at night but to starve in a jail or a deserted house or shed. Once and again Brenton found numbers of them in nakedness—all the clothes sold for drams;—he clothed them anew, but if a week passed before there was another general halt, they were as forlorn as ever—the dismal *souffrirain*—the wet straw—even the nakedness just as before—and when they reached the appointed *dépôt* it was near the close of a most inclement December. Captain Brenton extols their orderly and decent behavior whenever he could be near them, and speaks with great tenderness of their gratitude for his paternal care of them on all occasions; but, as he truly says, "Seamen even of experience, and of sterling abilities in the exercise of their profession, are but children of a larger growth when on shore."

On approaching the Meuse the officers were finally separated from the men, the former being allowed to reside on parole at Verdun, while the others were distributed among different fortresses, chiefly in the same valley. Once at Verdun, Brenton made it his immediate business to take every step for rendering the detention as innocuous as might be—if possible to render it profitable—for the young officers, of whom he considered himself as, under such circumstances, the natural guardian. Holding himself aloof from all the social temptations that necessarily surrounded a gentleman of his rank and character, where so many of his equals were assembled in enforced seclusion from the active duties of life, he found a new line of usefulness opened for him, and to that he devoted himself with all the ardor and perseverance of his conduct at sea. He assembled the young gentlemen—offered to act as the *locum tenens* of their parents—and they thankfully pledged themselves to follow his directions with a filial submission. He found out respectable French houses into which one or two might be admitted, to mix in the domestic circle, provided that its rules and hours especially were observed: thus offering every facility for the acquisition of the language, of which these young men had already witnessed the value to him, and, through him, to themselves; for when they landed at Cherbourg the skipper alone of all the company could speak French, and how helpless must they all have been in their journey had he also wanted the accomplishment! He then got the lieutenants to undertake each some department of instruction—arithmetic, mathematics, English and French his-

tory, and so on—whilst he himself instituted a dinner mess, at which he collected them all about him every day, conversing with them freely on the subjects of their studies, walking with them in the evenings, superintending them at their sports and exercises, and, in short, doing everything that he could have done for sons and nephews of his own. He watched their manners and their morals—read the service of the church to them on Sundays—until a clergyman came to the place who was willing to organize and conduct an Anglican congregation—and acquired such a gentle but efficient influence as could not but make itself recognized by all about him. It was admired even by the most reckless of the *détenus*:—of whom so many had their habits permanently deteriorated, not a few their whole careers utterly blasted, in consequence of that unrighteous detention, the meanest of all the many mean crimes of Napoleon—according to M. Thiers' own magnanimous admission, "a rigorous liable to ruffle public opinion."*

"At Verdun," says Mr. Raikes, (and the passage is a very favorable specimen of his part,) "all the English *détenus* were assembled, forming perhaps one of the most extraordinary groups of character that had ever been collected in the same spot. There were many highly respectable and exemplary persons, some of whom had been travelling in France for their pleasure, some for the purpose of educating their children, and some for economy. There were others whose sole object was curiosity or dissipation. There were many skilful artificers who had brought their talent to a French market, and were engaged in setting up manufactures that might rival or surpass their own country. There were many who, from seditious conduct, had found it necessary to take shelter in France. There were fraudulent bankrupts and broken tradesmen. There were many who had fled from their creditors, and even some who had fled from the gallows. With this motley assemblage the prisoners of war were involved, enveloped in one measure, subject to the same proscription and the same parole. The amalgamation was not very favorable to the latter, particularly to the younger branches of the service."—p. 179.

It was extremely fortunate that Brenton was among the first of the superior officers of either service that reached Verdun; for some others, when they arrived and saw what he had been doing, were led to imitate his example. But the earliness of his efforts, and the extent to which they stimulated those of other gentlemen of like standing, had due weight with the English admiralty. Such was the impression made there, that Brenton was requested to receive and distribute all the money allowed by our treasury for naval prisoners in France, or collected by private subscription for their behoof—and, in fact, to consider himself as invested with a general supervision, as far as it might be found possible to exercise it, over them all; and by degrees he was able to carry out the intentions of the government to a very great extent. The effects of his influence, as respected discipline and general tranquillity at Verdun, commanded the warm acknowledgments of the civil as well as military authorities of the town and its neighborhood, and they stretched according to the utmost every indulgence that might be likely to facilitate his operations. Presently, more than one of Bonaparte's ministers at Paris showed a sense of their value;

* Consul. and Emp., iv., p. 83, (English trans.)

Mr. Raikes specifies M. Decrès, minister of marine, and we must add the name of M. Cambacérés.* Captain Brenton was allowed accordingly, while the tyrant was busied with the "Armée d'Angleterre" at Boulogne, to make journeys, with the attendance for form's sake of a single gendarme, to the poor sailors of his own crew, and then, with courtesies increased upon every successive experiment, to the various stations where other prisoners of the same class had been collected. Without the salary or even the name of an office, he was one of the most useful functionaries in the service of his country.

Upon his return from one of these expeditions, which had occupied more time than usual, he found that some of his midshipmen had been inveigled to the gaming-house which the French government had licensed "exclusively for the English," that studies had been grievously interrupted, and moral habits disturbed and damaged. He applied, therefore, to Admiral Decrès for permission to remove with his immediate charges to the pleasant village of Clermont, some twelve miles off, and Decrès granted his request. The change answered all his expectations. It is most melancholy to add that the boon was ere long withdrawn, in consequence of the evasion from Verdun of a "British détenu of rank."† This personage contrived to accomplish his escape, and wrote from England in terms of triumph. Meantime, Brenton and his party, and all others who had obtained any similar indulgence, had been recalled to the main dépôt: and although—the shameful example not being followed—a renewal of the relaxation was by-and-by conceded, the magic of the *rouge et noir* had by that time rendered several of the young men impervious to his appeals. His journal dates from that day "a permanent falling off."

But he turned the leisure that hence accrued to good account.

"I had indeed (he says) long been in the habit of attending to the form of religion, particularly from the period of my having served under that exemplary character, Sir James Saumarez. It had been habitual to me, on the approach of danger or battle, to offer up a mental prayer for support; but upon a more deliberate examination I came to the conclusion that *Christianity made no part of my religion*; that it was almost entirely confined to the first sentence in the prayer-book, 'When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness,' &c. I had always felt some indefinite purpose of doing this, and of amending my life; but then it was only done in trying myself by the letter of the commandment; and when there was not a decided breach of duty, I felt perfectly satisfied. With regard to the New Testament, it hardly appeared to me as of any importance; it was seldom read, and less meditated upon. I was scrupulous in performing a certain round of duties, in the cold and heartless manner which may be supposed; but they were all tasks performed in fear, and none in love. The only light which seemed to break through the thick mist

of utter darkness arose from occasional glimpses of the working of Divine Providence. I had very long been in the habit of attributing my successes, and my preservation from danger, to Omnipotence, and not to second causes; but this is the utmost amount of religious feeling to which I could lay any claim."—pp. 194, 195.

We have already hinted our suspicion that in these confessions the good man did some injustice to himself. But, however that may be, Captain Brenton adopted at this time the more serious views of religion which he ever after adhered to. A life hitherto at least amiable, upright, and benevolent, continued thenceforth to be also one of devout and fervent piety.

When allowed to resume his tours of inspection, the alteration which his views had undergone was manifested in many things. Especially he now asked leave to carry with him on such occasions some one of the clergymen of our church who were numbered among the motley group at Verdun; and joyfully were his proposals seconded by those gentlemen, in particular by a Rev. W. Gordon, of whose subsequent history we are uninformed, the Rev. Launcelot Charles Lee, who died a year or two since "at his rectory in the vicinity of Oxford," but above all, by the Rev. James Wolfe, (now also no more in this world,) who, after many visitations in company with Brenton, ultimately made up his mind to devote himself entirely, if his friend could procure leave for him to do so, to the pastoral care of the prisoners in the great and hitherto most unhappy fortress of Givet. Brenton's influence with Decrès proved sufficient;—and Mr. Wolfe, apparently a young man of some fortune, who had been arrested at Fontainebleau while on a trip with his bride, and who might have enjoyed a comparatively cheerful existence at Verdun, (where the principal thoroughfare was already dubbed *Bond Street*), was graciously permitted to make this most generous sacrifice of himself and (a very serious addition) of his young wife's comfort. Mr. Raikes copies many pages from a little pamphlet, neglected, he says, on its appearance, and long since quite forgotten, in which this worthy clergyman recorded the results of his undertaking. We must content ourselves with a general reference to this chapter, (pp. 218—234,) and a transcript of some few of Mr. Wolfe's paragraphs. He thus describes Givet when first inspected by him in company with Brenton:—

"I found the dépôt in the most deplorable state. In a moral point of view, it would be difficult to conceive anything more degraded and miserable. As regards religion, every appearance of it was confined to some twenty Methodists, who were the objects of the most painful persecution, and often the innocent cause of the most dreadful blasphemies. The bodily privations of the prisoners were equally distressing. In the hospital, the sick were mixed with prisoners of other nations, and were in a shocking state of neglect, and covered with vermin. Not a single prisoner was allowed to go out into the town, and even the interpreter was accompanied by a gendarme. It was almost impossible for any of them to get anything from their friends, for there was no one to receive it for them; and the little that did come was subjected to a deduction of five per cent. by the *maréchal des logis*. And so great was their distress at that moment, that unable to satisfy the cravings of hunger, they were seen to pick up the potato-peelings that were thrown out into the court, and devour them.

"It appears to be the natural tendency of misery

* M. Thiers admits (*ubi supra*) that Bonaparte's original command was, that no *détenu*, unless holding a military or naval commission, should be allowed to be on his parole at Verdun: all the private travellers were to be kept in strict imprisonment, like the poor common sailors! Cambacérés, as Thiers says, "with difficulty obtained the relaxation" of this atrocious order; and he is known to have on many subsequent occasions united his influence with that of Decrès towards the benefit of the unfortunate *détenus* of every class.

† Many of our elder readers will be able to fill in the branded name, and the subsequent history attached to it.

and want to foster vice, and encourage the worst feelings of the human heart; and that effect, in its fullest sense, was produced on this occasion. The little money that was received by the prisoners, instead of being applied to the relief of their wants, and to make them more comfortable in food and clothing, was spent in riot and excess. On these occasions sailors are, of all other men, most ready to communicate, and never think of to-morrow; and, left as they were entirely to themselves—no one caring for their souls, no one having the desire or the power to restrain them, either by force or by persuasion—in the midst of the real distress which they experienced, the *dépôt* of Givet was, perhaps, at that moment the most reprobate spot that can be imagined."

Captain Brenton's *quasi-official* superintendence had produced a considerable amelioration as to the physical mischiefs, before Wolfe went to reside there; but any interference for the better regulation as to money was by no means palatable to the lower functionaries about the *dépôt*—nor, it is miserable to add, even to the commandant himself—an officer of high military rank:—

"The commandant, and those that were under his orders, from the time I arrived at the *dépôt*, viewed me with a very evil eye. They had all a share in the spoil of the poor prisoners: and my interference on their behalf, and the opportunities which I had of detecting their extortions, enraged them exceedingly against me. Whenever I made an attempt, as I frequently did, to put a stop to the exactions upon the money which was sent in to the men, or when any complaint was made of the meat or the bread, these officers were loud in their threats of denunciation; and for the first two years of my stay in that place, I never went to bed without the impression upon my mind that, ere the morning, I might be suddenly marched off."

But see the gradual effect of Mr. Wolfe's devotion:—

"In the end, what was done spoke for itself. The men saw that every means in the power of prisoners, like themselves, were used to prevent them from being oppressed. The commandant felt that my being there was a great check upon the rapacity and avarice of his people, and they, and often he himself, were excessively enraged. But the moral and religious feeling which was manifested among the men rendered them so much more peaceful and sober, more satisfied, and even cheerful in their conduct, and so much more faithful to their word and engagements, that I really think he felt it a sort of personal security to himself, and upon the whole, an advantage.

"A room perhaps a little larger than the others, where was an oven for the purpose of baking bread for the barracks, was converted into a chapel. A small plain desk was made by one of the men, which served also for a pulpit; and the clerk made use of a common table and stool. What was wanting, however, in accommodation, was made abundantly up by the spirit which soon was manifested among the prisoners; and the Lord wrought powerfully among them. The place was crowded to excess, and the oven, which reached so near the top of the room that the men could not sit upright upon it, was always covered with them, lying in a most painful position from want of room. Schools also were immediately established; and though the funds for all these objects were, at that early period of our captivity, but scantily, and with great difficulty, obtained, we were yet able to carry on a

system of education, which, for extent, usefulness, and the rapid progress made by those that were instructed, has perhaps seldom been equalled. It is indeed wonderful at how small an expense a number of persons, generally amounting to between four and five hundred, were taught to read, write, go through the highest rules in arithmetic, navigation in all its most difficult branches, construct charts and maps, and work at the practical part of their profession, as far as it can be learned from the form of a vessel, which had been admirably rigged for that purpose. Yet the small sums given to those among them who were capable of instructing their fellow-prisoners, as masters or assistants, were very useful. The immediate results arising from this employment of their time were beneficial in a degree, at least equal to the professional advantages which they might hope to experience in their future prospects. While they were thus receiving instruction and edification, their thoughts were diverted from dwelling upon their misfortunes, which had the most pernicious effect, not only in a moral and religious point of view, but often as it regarded their health and spirits. And thus the fear of God, and the influence of moral duty and instruction, even in those who were not decidedly religious, reciprocally acting upon their minds, preserved them from that mental debasement, and those habits of depravity and vice, which are ever contracted and induced by ignorance and want of employment.

"The number of boys was comparatively small; the greater number were men grown; and some of those even that were advanced in years were anxious not to lose this opportunity of learning to read, at least, their Bible. In the mean time, a great sensation was created in the prison; and, as in old time, some mocked, while others for the first time saw before them an invisible and eternal world, compared with which all the things they could desire were less than nothing and vanity. Many were inquiring into the things which accompany salvation; and in many the word of truth took deep root, and they continued seeking the grace of Christ. Nor have I the least reason to doubt that the Lord fulfilled to many his gracious promise, 'Seek and ye shall find,' and that even now, some have entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and others are still so running that they may obtain."

All this good work at Givet, and whatever of the like kind Brenton was laboring to promote at the other *dépôts*, was thwarted continually in consequence of Bonaparte's determined efforts to seduce the prisoners from their duty to their country. Sometimes the plan was to drive the poor men to desperation by new rigors of confinement, abridgment of allowances, interruption of the charitable supplies whether of our government or from private subscriptions in England; at other times, every artifice of seduction was employed, and in this latter department the tyrant found ready instruments among certain renegades of the Wolfe Tone persuasion. Adroit, plausible Irishmen in gaudy uniforms, and with the decoration of the *Legion of Honor*, beset the prisoners with every flattery, scattered money freely among them, and invited them to follow their example, and hope for promotion and rewards like their own. They had considerable success among the Irish sailors, not a few of whom enlisted for the flotillas at Boulogne and elsewhere; but more, it seems, became substitutes for army conscripts of the easier classes of society, and were soon drilled and equipped to participate

in the forced marches and bloody battles of 1805. It is a striking circumstance, that only one of the sailors of the *Minerve* yielded to these artful crimps, and that he, happening to be recognized by Brenton, when on the march with a detachment of troops for the Rhine, entreated to be allowed to converse for a moment with him, and, with many signs of agitation, said he hoped to be excused, for that, in truth, he was by birth an American.

This system, which Mr. Wolfe durst hardly oppose at all except by the general inculcation of truth and honesty in his sermons—for on pretext of being Protestants themselves some of the crimps took care to attend in the prison chapel—and the chaplain had no doubt that the least indiscretion on his part would be followed by his own immediate transference to the dungeons of Biche—this system was persisted in until after Napoleon received the tidings of Trafalgar. From that date there was a great alteration in his views and proceedings. Thenceforth, as M. Thiers is forced to confess, he regarded the French marine with angry contempt—and the English with a bitterness of hatred which he manifested in a style worthy of his nature. Utterly careless thenceforth as to the multitudes of French sailors of all ranks who were in England, he refused to exchange officers—relaxing only on rare occasions, when he fancied he had it in his power to gratify an English family whose influence in parliament was used in opposition to the war—or when the fate of some Frenchman in our hands was of immediate concern to a favorite of his own camp or court. Bonaparte added the almost inconceivable meanness of an express prohibition to French bankers to discount any more bills for English officers. With regard to Brenton himself, however, this last malice was innocuous; for MM. Perregaux instantly wrote to him that their house would still be happy to advance whatever he needed for his personal purposes, and wait for payment until he was at liberty, or the war had closed. So much for officers. As respected the common men, Napoleon interdicted all supplies of money whatever from home—sternly confining them to his allowance of the bit of bread, the truss of straw, and the three sols per day—and abandoning, of course, his own people of the same class here to whatever regulations the English government might think fit.

It was the rule of our government throughout the war, to send home at once all prisoners who had received such injuries that they evidently could never serve again. In this way, as M. Dupin admits, (vol. i., p. 177,) we restored to the *France of Napoleon* more than 12,700 mutilated seamen. Brenton could not believe but that in the very plainest cases at least the French would follow the same principle. He found, one day at Verdun, an English sailor *en route* for Givet—an old coxswain of Collingwood's, whose eyes had been scorched in battle, and had since dropped out of his head. Captain Brenton forwarded to Paris a petition for his release. The answer—we may be sure not from Decrès—was in these words: "On n'accorde pas la pétition de Monsieur Brenton. Que son aveugle file avec les autres." (*Naval History*, iii., p. 228.) But to return to the sweeping edicts of 1805:—

"No sooner," says Sir Jahleel, "had the prisoners in general been deprived of the assistance and countenance of their officers, than the old system of suttlers and wretchedness was renewed; and this state of things, aggravated by hopelessness, was the lot of the increasing numbers added to the dépôts by successive captures

from 1805 to the end of the war in 1814."—p. 282.

Such were some of the German rescripts of that great conqueror and great sovereign, that gigantic genius with the heart of a Corsican hangman—of whom his panegyrists so often boast that in the midst of his camp he could find time to direct personally the smallest details of administration in the interior of France. One immediate consequence was the total cessation of Captain Brenton's functions as the visitor of dépôts and distributor of allowances, with which he had combined that of a moral guardianship of the unfortunate captives of his own profession. The English admiralty showed a great anxiety for him on this occasion. They paid him the compliment of offering in exchange for him the celebrated Captain Jurieu, one of the very foremost names in the French navy—and paid Jurieu the compliment of making himself the bearer of the offer to Paris—he of course pledging himself to return in case of failure. M. Decrès warmly seconded the proposition. It was referred to Napoleon himself, and he rejected it. Jurieu submitted, and prepared to return to his captivity; but on asking for a passport, he was informed that he must without delay proceed to Brest, and that if he attempted to redeem his parole by repassing the channel he should be instantly shot! The high-spirited Jurieu remained in France, but nothing could induce him to serve again under the flag of Bonaparte.* And there have been English poets to hymn the *chivalry* of Napoleon! "It was said," says Brenton, "and it is probably true, that he declared he never would consent to my exchange,"—the special motive, no doubt, being his belief that Brenton's influence had been the main obstacle to the seduction of the English sailors. Baffled on this point, Admiral Decrès very kindly offered to do whatever mere ministerial power could do towards the alleviation of a captivity which was now, it seemed, to last as long as the war. Brenton made known his domestic circumstances, and Decrès had influence enough to obtain passports for Mrs. Brenton and her child. On landing at Rotterdam, she found that M. Decrès had taken means to provide everything for her accommodation: a well-bred naval officer received her into his family, and Brenton himself was allowed to meet her on the road and conduct her to Clermont.

A fond wife of thirty-four, to rejoin her husband after two years' separation, undertook on this occasion a voyage of fifty hours and an easy post-chaise journey of a week. Hear the voice from Chester!—

"If it be true—as no member of the CHURCH or ENGLAND will deny—that matrimony was ordained for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity, we cannot but feel that the purposes of this merciful ordinance were singularly realized in the case before us."—p. 210.

It was a happy meeting, and captivity would have ceased to be any grievance to one so blessed in his domestic relations, and with so many mental resources, but for the ardor of his professional spirit—his unsubduable repugnance to see month after month pass away, others earning honor in the active service of their country, he wearing out the prime of his life in a French hamlet. His health, never robust, had been damaged by toilsome travelling and exposure during his late superintendency of the dépôts—and now, after a little space, the brooding

* *Naval History*, vol. iii., p. 277.

over Bonaparte's cruel treatment, and the hopelessness of his prospects, told severely upon him. He fell into a feeble condition, and his wife apprehended a total decline of his physical stamina. His boy, too, was delicate. Physicians urged an application for leave to spend the winter in a milder climate, and M. Decrès' unwearied kindness again interfering, Captain Brenton was allowed to remove to Tours. Here he took a small villa close to the city; his health and his child's also began to mend; and in the society of his amiable partner, who soon participated in his more serious views of religion, his time glided away more equably.

After the lapse of another year, a certain Captain L'Infernet fell into our hands, who being nephew to Massena, a special application was made on his behalf to the English government; and the answer was that he might be exchanged—but only for Brenton. Brenton was released accordingly in 1806, after three years and a half of exile. Admiral Decrès had the thoughtfulness to communicate the official order to M. Perregaux, and the liberal banker took care that the captain should receive along with it a final advance of 100 louis, in case of any delay to the journey home. It is delightful to contrast such generous traits, so worthy of the old character of the French gentleman, with the impish malignities of their imperial *shirre*. But all this part of the narrative abounds with proof how deep was at that time the secret abhorrence of the tyrant—how general the anxiety of the respectable people of all classes to show that they recognized in the maltreated English prisoners, a body of fellow-sufferers oppressed by the same iron hand against which they themselves durst not rebel. On one occasion Brenton witnessed a striking display of the popular feeling. He was in the theatre at Tours, when the bulletin of Jena arrived, and was read from the front of the stage. A loud voice responded, "Encore une victoire pour lui—encore une conscription pour nous!"—the audience rose and broke up in silence. In the view of almost all but his minions and accomplices, he was still the apostate of Egypt, the poisoner of Jaffa, the assassin of Toussaint, he whom Louis-Philippe openly denounced as "the murderer of his kinsman." He is now the demigod of the nation; and the domains of Condé, as well as the sceptre of Henry IV., are in the hands of Bourbons who crown his statues and canonize his bones.*

Brenton reached London early in January, 1807. The Right Hon. Thomas Grenville (but yesterday severed from the society he had very long enjoyed and adorned) was at this time first lord of the admiralty, and from him the captain had the reception he deserved. The formality of a trial for the loss of the *Minerve* being gone through with all dispatch, Mr. Grenville offered him the *Spartan*—a splendid new frigate—which he joyfully accepted. He was at the same time presented with some remuneration for his extraordinary services in France: the sum is not stated, but Mr. Grenville signified that he felt it to be an inadequate one, and hastened to make amends. Although the custom of allowing to captains a commission of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on cash conveyed in ships of war had been for some years

laid aside, it was at this moment revived, on Mr. Grenville's request, by the treasury; and the *Spartan* was instantly ordered to Malta with £700,000—the per centage on which would be £1100.

Having deposited the money at Malta, the *Spartan* steered for the squadron off Toulon, but on her way she had an adventure which seems worthy of extract:—

"When between Corsica and the Italian shore, he fell in with an American ship, the *Urania*, Hector Coffin master, and Greene of Rhode Island supercargo. Captain Brenton, on sending a boat to examine this neutral ship, gave particular directions to his lieutenant to pay every possible attention to the feelings of the people, and to avoid giving offence to the master or crew. The search took place, and as there was some deviation from the regulations laid down for the conduct of neutrals by his majesty's orders in council, Captain Brenton sent for the master on board the *Spartan*, requesting he would bring his log-book with him. On his coming on board Captain Brenton explained to him the necessity of this measure; with which the master and supercargo expressed themselves perfectly satisfied, as well as with the kindness and delicacy with which they had been treated by the visiting officer. It was at this time nearly calm, so that no detention took place; and when the breeze sprang up, the American voluntarily steered for some time the same course with the *Spartan*. This was on the 27th of April.

"On the 8th of May the *Spartan* again fell in with the same ship between Sardinia and the Island of Ponza; her being so near the spot where she had been eleven days before having excited surprise, she was again examined; and on looking over her log-book, Brenton was surprised to find a detail of the 27th of April—stating that on that day they were boarded by the *Spartan*, had been forced out of their course, that the master was dragged on board with his papers, and that the hatches were broken open, &c. On remonstrating with the master and supercargo upon the unmanliness of inserting such falsehoods in the ship's book, for no other purpose than that of exciting enmity between the two countries, and reminding them of the declaration they had both made on the day alluded to, they both appeared overwhelmed with confusion, acknowledged the justice of Captain Brenton's observations, laid the blame upon the mate, whom they charged with having inserted the offensive passage without their knowledge, and promised that it should not be made public in America. It is not likely that a neutral trading among belligerents should pay so little attention to a document of such vital importance as the log; and that neither the master nor supercargo should suspect it."—p. 296.

The following passage from his correspondence while off Toulon will please the reader of his French story:—

"You may remember how determined I was to wreak my vengeance upon the whole nation. At Malta I was senior officer, and I found a number of French prisoners. I did not exactly order them to the Appel twice a day, as used to be the case with us at Verdun. A colonel had been taken with all his family a few days before, and had lost his wife at sea, leaving him with three dear little infants. You may stare, but I gave him leave to return to France with his family and physician. This I meant as a small token of remembrance to M. Decrès, but firmly resolved that the others should remain until all our friends at Verdun were liber-

* They are even capable of having their vanity gratified by a smuggled participation in his monuments. The decorations of the great Arch of Victory at the *Barrière de l'Étoile*, begun forty years ago, have but recently been opened to the public inspection. Of the two principal sculptures, one represents Napoleon at Austerlitz—the other Louis-Philippe at Jemappes.

ated; but like other good resolutions this was not a lasting one. A deputation of captive ladies waited upon me. 'Messieurs les Anglais sont des gens pleins d'honneur, qui ne font jamais la guerre aux femmes ni aux enfans.' 'Eh de grace, Mesdames, retournez dans votre patrie, je ne vous empêche pas.' 'Hélas, mon commandant, sans mon mari? Le désertierai-je dans le malheur! Que deviendrais-je, s'il succombe sous le poids de l'adversité! Sa santé est chancelante, et Monsieur n'ignore pas la douceur d'être dans le sein de sa famille.' 'Madame, je me rends à vos raisons; partez-vous et votre mari.' 'Et le mien aussi, Monsieur!' 'Vite, vite; allez, allez!' In this manner I was coaxed out of a dozen; they all set out vowing eternal gratitude, &c. I told them they might thank M. Decrès for it, and I hope he will hear of it, as I shall never forget his kindness.

About the same time he had a most narrow escape from another capture. Chasing some merchant vessels towards Elba, he suddenly, on rounding a promontory, found himself within a short distance of a French squadron—one ship of the line, two frigates, and several corvettes. He sustained their fire with but little damage during more than two hours; and after one broadside he kept the guns of the Spartan silent—for a good and sufficient reason, which his surviving sister explains:—"I have often heard this exciting circumstance mentioned, and the impatience with which the sailors obeyed my brother's orders not to fire in return for the enemy's shot; observing, as he says, that their fire deprived them of the breeze. The sailors were heard to say that they did not so much care for themselves, but it was too hard their poor captain should so soon be shut up in a French prison again."—p. 300.

In the later part of that year Brenton had several misadventures, and on one of these occasions his journal acknowledges that he was to blame. In the course of another run to Malta, he rashly sent his boats into a creek to seize what seemed a mere merchantman, but turned out to be a polacre of formidable strength; and in a short time he saw them return with the dead bodies of four and twenty of the finest young men in his crew. His journal has a pretty story in connection with this sad event:—

"The coxswain of the barge, reported among the killed and wounded, was a very fine, active young man, and had been indulged with the permission to bring his wife on board. She was very young at this period, and the attachment between the couple was remarkable, as well as the respect they obtained from all on board from the correctness of their conduct. On the boats returning, and the report of Bodie's death, his poor little wife was frantic with grief. When the dead were placed on the main deck, she flew to them, uncovering their faces, and calling out for her husband. She then ran up, and took her seat on the coxswain's box, in the barge, which had now been hoisted in, calling for her husband: and from thence to the captain on the quarter-deck, imploring him to let her see the body. Calling for some of the people who were in the barge, upon whom the greatest dependence could be placed, I desired to know how Bodie had been killed; when one of them said, 'Sir, we were boarding the vessel together on the starboard side, and were getting into the main chains, when I was wounded and fell into the boat, and Bodie at the same time was killed, and fell between the boat and the ship.' The wife was present at this detail, and at length seemed convinced of her dreadful loss.

The greatest attention was paid to her by all on board, to alleviate as much as possible her sufferings; on the arrival of the Spartan at Malta a subscription, amounting to £80, was made for her; and she soon after sailed for England in a transport, with a letter to Mrs. Brenton at Bath, by whom she was received, and remained with her for some time, previous to her departure for Ireland. A month or two afterwards the Spartan boarded a Genoese trader, and her people mentioned that a polacre had arrived there some weeks previous, which had been attacked by the boats of an English frigate, and had succeeded in beating them off. When the firing had ceased, the cries of a man were heard under the stern, and an English sailor was found hanging on by the rudder chains, and wounded. On taking him on board he proved to be the coxswain of the frigate's barge; he stated that he had been severely wounded in endeavoring to board the polacre, and had fallen between the ship and the boat, but as he passed astern he had caught hold of the rudder's chains, and hung on until the action was over. The story added, that, on the vessel's arrival at Genoa, the man was sent to the hospital; and on his wound being cured, had been marched into France. No doubt now existed as to the correctness of this statement, and I immediately wrote to Verdun, requesting my friends to make inquiries as to the dépôt to which Bodie was sent; and, on ascertaining his safety, that information might be immediately sent to Bath. In a few weeks a letter reached Mrs. Brenton, from the Rev. L. C. Lee, informing her that Bodie had reached that dépôt, and was no sooner known to have been Captain Brenton's coxswain than the greatest interest was manifested in his behalf, and permission was procured for him to remain there, where every care would be taken of him, and that he had quite recovered from his wounds. These joyful tidings were soon in the hands of Mrs. Bodie, at Cork, whose happiness may be easily imagined."—pp. 307-10.

It was soon after that calamitous attack on the polacre that Brenton first saw Lord Collingwood—and his admiral received him but coldly. Some other mischances followed, and though as to these there could be no blame, Collingwood, who remembered the Minerve, and was not free from the superstitions of his cloth, used to say, "Ah! poor Brenton again!—he is the child of misfortune." In the course of a few months, however, this prejudice, to whatever it had amounted, was entirely got over, and we think it very probable that a discovery of Brenton's deeply religious views may have had its share in the work of conciliation; but certainly the noble Collingwood had neither a braver nor a more useful officer under his flag, and there had ensued a variety of brilliant services which might well suffice. We must not dwell on these affairs, which occurred chiefly off the coast of Italy in company with Lord Cochrane, or when Brenton had the command of a light squadron coöperating with the Austrians on the coasts of Dalmatia, and finally in the reduction of the Ionian Islands. In July, 1809, Collingwood writes to the then head of the admiralty board, Lord Mulgrave—"I cannot say too much of the zeal and talent of Captain Brenton; of these he gives proof whenever he is employed, and he seems to be everywhere. At Lussin he undertook and accomplished a service which would have established a reputation, had he never had another opportunity; and now at Cerigo his conduct has not been less distinguished."

His sagacity and prudence and vigilance won the applause of Collingwood—his quickness of eye, decision of purpose, and daring gallantry commanded the ardent admiration of Cochrane. For an officer who never rose to the command of a fleet, what more could be said that would enhance our sense of his merits! But passing over many tempting scenes of enterprise, we must come to May, 1810. At this time we find the Spartan and a smaller frigate entrusted with the watch of the Bay of Naples, where Murat was collecting forces of all sorts for an expedition to Sicily. Brenton, in two most gallant actions, defeated the Neapolitan squadron, in numbers and strength immeasurably surpassing his own, and on one of the occasions supported by the batteries near Terracina. These services were crowned with the complete demolition of Murat's shipping, which influenced very importantly the general course of events in the Mediterranean; but the latter day may be said to have terminated the active career of the victor. In his journal, meant only for the eyes of his children, he says—"In going down to the enemy I put up a short but fervent prayer to the Almighty that he would receive your beloved mother and yourselves under his holy protection, and bless you, and that he would enable me to do my duty to my country. At no one period of my life do I ever remember to have been more serene and tranquil; and when my excellent friend Williamson, the surgeon, as he left the deck to go to his station, said in a low voice, as I shook him by the hand, 'Now, sir, here is victory or Westminster Abbey for you,' I experienced a feeling of animation which is not usual with me on common occasions."* Standing aloft on the capstan, as the only spot from which he could have a full view of all his numerous assailants, he was struck down in the middle of a two hours' hot action by a grape-shot which hit him on the hip joint; and falling utterly helpless, but without momentary pain, he called to mind the death-wound of Nelson, and doubted not that his own was a similar one. His recovery was slow—in fact, it was never completed. The very day after the battle he received his admiral's letter appointing him to the command, as commodore, of the squadron in the Adriatic, which had been for a year past the highest object of his ambition—but too late. The wounded captain proceeded first to Palermo, then to Malta, and at last reached England towards the close of autumn. He tells in his domestic journal by what accident his wife received a hint that he might be looked for anon—and adds:—

"Your mother with her three darlings flew to Portsmouth, and, extraordinary as it may appear, almost at the same moment that she alighted at the inn I anchored at the Motherbank. It is customary for ships from the Mediterranean to be kept in quarantine till the return of the post; but the admiralty, in kind consideration of my state, ordered the ship to be released by telegraph, and I landed the following morning, experiencing in the meeting with all I held dearest to me in the world sensations of delight which amply repaid me for all the sufferings and fatigue, both of body and mind, to which I had been exposed since my separation from them. Of pain I was no longer sensible, acute as it had been

during the passage. My sufferings had, indeed, been so great that the latter hours of the day were passed in looking at the movements of my watch, impatiently waiting for the appointed hour when I was to receive my accustomed dose of laudanum, from which I could expect a temporary suspension of pain. Now I no longer required laudanum; my spirits were composed and happy, and although incapable of moving I was insensible of confinement. Fearful of agitating me too much in my weak state, your mother had come into my room alone, but she was soon followed by my sweet cherubs, full of health and joy. We had the comfort of procuring the same house at Alverstoke, near Haslar Hospital, where we had formerly lived; and happy as those early days of our marriage had been, they were not so much so as the time which we now passed there; although I was so weak as to be confined to my bed, or my chair, walking a few steps occasionally with my crutches. Whenever I look back upon the past events of my life this period always starts forward as preëminent in happiness. My mind was entirely free from care; all was peace and, I hope, gratitude. I had received the most flattering testimonies of the approbation of the admiralty, particularly in that most delightful instance of it, the appointment of my brother Edward to succeed me in the command of the Spartan. The joy and affection which beamed from the eyes of my beloved Isabella during her unremitting attendance upon me would, in itself, have been a source of the most perfect happiness. She felt, as she has since informed me, the deepest anxiety from my dangerous situation, but she never allowed me to perceive it. To her tenderness and care, under the blessing of Providence, I owe my recovery. Her society had before changed captivity into happiness; she now dispelled all the weariness attendant upon languor and confinement."—p. 405.

Besides the gratification of hearing that his only surviving brother had been appointed to succeed him in the Spartan, he now received a very flattering letter from the king of the Two Sicilies, accompanied with the decoration of St. Ferdinand—a grant of a pension of 300*l.* per annum from his own government (his wound being considered equivalent to the loss of a limb)—and an assurance that his name would be included in the first creation of baronets—meaning, as soon as the restrictions on the power of the prince regent should expire. He had besides laid by some prize-money in the course of his last four years' hard service; so, as soon as his condition allowed of removal, he provided himself with a house at Bath and settled there to abide the completion of his recovery. But he had not been there for many weeks ere he was called on to endure a new and most unlooked-for distress. Among the vessels which he had seized in the Mediterranean were two neutrals, (Americans,) laden with sulphur, and found under such circumstances that he had no doubt they were conveying munitions of war to the enemy. The judge at Malta declared them fair prizes; but Captain Brenton had been cautious enough to give strict directions that the proceeds should be transmitted to his agents in London, and by them invested in the funds in a separate account, in case of the Malta decision being appealed from. The appeal had been made—and he now heard to his discomfiture that the court of admiralty here had reversed the adjudication, and that he must not only disburse the value of the sulphur, but the costs of the appeal. In his journal he says—"The court of admiralty

* His sister gives here in a note the story of the boyish tremors and the paternal rebuke; and adds—"He has often told me that in going into action, he had always an anxious feeling till the first shot was fired; but from that moment he thought of nothing but the cause in which he was engaged."—p. 402.

is a political court :”—and Mr. Raikes adds that he always thought he had been sacrificed to the anxiety of the government at that moment as to our relations with the United States. We believe nothing of the kind. Even Sir William Scott was not infallible : but he was as incapable as Brenton himself could have been of allowing considerations of the sort here stated to have had the weight of a feather with him in the decision of a legal question. We have little doubt that the Americans were knavish neutrals—but none that Brenton's advocate failed to produce adequate proof of their knavery. Sailors are not very nicely skilled in the law of evidence ; and as the captain probably knew little or nothing of Sir William's character, we can pardon the uncharitableness which he for once betrayed. The reversal was bad news indeed. But at all events the money for the sulphur was safe in the funds ! Not so : the captain of the *Spartan* had not read the “*Tales by a Barrister* ;” he had fallen exactly into the error which makes the subject of one of those stories—he had given a general instead of a limited power of attorney—his agent had invested the money, not in Brenton's name, but his own—the agent just at this moment declared himself insolvent, and the whole of that 3000*l.* was gone. This loss and the law expenses were more than sufficient to sweep away all his little fortune—but for the assistance of a kind friend, Mr. Henry Abbott, he must have been reduced to the extreme of difficulty. As it was, he had to dispose of his house and furniture at Bath, and retire to a small lodging at Paddington, restricting his expenditure to the narrowest amount, in the hope of being able out of his half-pay and pension to liquidate gradually the debt he had incurred to Mr. Abbott.

To all this he and his wife submitted with admirable resignation. The great surgeon, Cline, took him under his care, and in the course of a year pronounced him so far recovered that, though not fit for sea-service, he might discharge some useful duty on shore. He was offered accordingly a commissionership at Bombay ; but, tempting as the offer was, his professional spirit was still alive—he declined it, and said he clung to the hope that he should ere long be able for a ship again. And early in 1812 he flattered himself that he might safely apply for a command :—on which he instantly was appointed to the *Stirling Castle*, of 74 guns, intended ultimately (at his own request) for the Mediterranean, but attached in the mean time to the Channel fleet. He had a noble ship and a first-rate crew, and anticipated a fresh career of honorable activity ; but in the course of a few months new exfoliations began in the wounded limb, and the conviction was forced upon him that he could not encounter a long cruise—nay, that in all likelihood he was never again to be fit for such service. He resigned his ship—on which occasion the promised baronetcy was conferred upon him ; and soon after Lord Melville, who had long felt a deep interest in his character and lamented his pecuniary losses, embraced the first opportunity of mending his situation without danger to his health by appointing Sir Jahleel to be resident commissioner in the Balearic Islands. In this position of comparative ease, enjoying the society of his family in the fine climate of Minorca, and gradually improving in his general health, he continued until the pacification of 1814, when our government ceased to need a commissioner in that quarter. But Lord Melville continued his concern for him, and in 1815, when the affairs of the

harbor at the Cape came to be of additional importance in consequence of Bonaparte's residence in St. Helena, Sir Jahleel (now also a K. C. B.) repaired thither as commissioner of the dock-yard.

Here he remained for seven years—that is, till after the death of Napoleon in 1821, when all the establishments at the Cape underwent a reduction. Here he had the heavy misfortune of losing his beloved Isabella, (July, 1817,) and soon afterwards his eldest son. Nothing can be more beautiful than the picture of his grief and his submission in his private journal : modest as it is, it affords also some notion of his exertions while at Cape Town on behalf of the Hottentots and negroes. We have likewise narratives of lengthened excursions along the coasts and into the interior, undertaken in his official capacity with a view to the establishment of new harbors and a better system of commissariat for the fleet. To the general public many of these details would have been more interesting five-and-twenty years ago than they are now. In every page, however, some charming trait is added to the portraiture of the man, and the religious meditations set down from day to day, under circumstances of bereavement and distress which could not damp his ardor in the cause of humanity, and amid strange scenes of barbarous or semi-barbarous existence, are so touching in their simplicity that we wonder anybody could have the heart to imbed them in a commentary.

He in 1818 made a very serious representation to Dr. Howley, then Bishop of London, on the religious state of the colony. No answer is here preserved, but we may be sure there was one, and that Sir Jahleel's suggestions were not carried out in consequence solely of the lukewarmness at that time of both our government and our legislature. We believe a bishop has at last been appointed to the Cape, or is about to be, and that is a good beginning ; but it comes late in the day. Mr. Raikes justly observes :—

“Had the suggestions which Sir Jahleel addressed to the Bishop of London been then adopted—had some large and comprehensive scheme for the religious organization of the colony been introduced, it is hardly necessary to say that the affairs of the Cape would have stood on a very different footing ; and that the painful and insurrectionary movements which have retarded its advance, and which have sown widely and deeply the seeds of future trouble, might have probably been avoided. Had schools and churches been generally built and provided for at the time of which we write, the population would by this time have assumed a more stable and advanced character. Settlers of a superior quality and in large numbers would have been attracted. The old inhabitants would have been more attached to the British government, and the Hottentot population would have been reclaimed. The transition from slavery to freedom in their case would have been more completely accomplished, and with less disturbance to the prejudices of the boers. The influence of law would have been generally felt throughout the province, and civilization would have proceeded more rapidly, while it was pressed on principles which all could recognize, and which all felt to be beneficial to themselves.”—p. 594.

When Sir Jahleel returned home in 1822 he was in the fifty-second year of his age ; but he found himself surrounded with a family who greatly needed maternal care, as he himself, with health never firmly restored and with his habits of all sorts, must have felt the need of domestic support. He was so

fortunate as to marry his cousin, Miss Brenton, who was the affectionate partaker of his subsequent fortunes, and survives to lament him.

In 1823 he became colonel of marines; and in 1829 he received the command of the *Donegal*, guard-ship at Sheerness—but lost it in 1830 on his promotion to be rear-admiral. In 1831 he was offered the lieutenant-governorship of Greenwich Hospital, but did not accept it until he had been requested to do so by King William in person, who gave him a verbal assurance that in his case the usual regulation should be departed from, so that he might not by accepting the place lose his claim for professional advancement and employment hereafter. When kings meddle personally with the business that belongs properly to their official servants, there is always some hazard of mischance:—it is so even when, as in this case, the royal character is one of the purest integrity and honor. And in all business, be it public or private, nothing so dangerous as the omission of the *litera scripta*. It would seem that the gracious king, in his anxiety to meet the wishes of an old brother sailor, spoke words as to which he should have previously consulted the first lord of the admiralty, and that his majesty had in the hurry of affairs neglected to make a memorandum of what he said, for the future guidance of that board. Sir Jahleel left St. James' Palace with the understanding that he was to be included in the next flag-promotion—and retain Greenwich as vice-admiral. Nevertheless, on the promotion at her present majesty's coronation in 1838 he was passed over—and he felt this as a grievous injustice;—but the sovereign was changed, the board of admiralty was changed, and there was no document to produce. His place was worth 800*l.* a year, with a comfortable residence, &c., and his duties were delightful to him, and such as no man could have discharged with more benefit to others. The care of the old men, and the organizing of better schools for the future defenders of the wooden walls, were occupations made as it were on purpose for a mind and heart like his. The omission, however, could not be got over. A good-service pension dropping on the death of his old ally Sir Sidney Smith in 1840, Brenton immediately proposed to exchange Greenwich for that; this was agreed to, and then—we cannot doubt, regretting the mistake that had occurred—the admiralty sent him notice that his name was inserted on the list of vice-admirals, and in the place which it would have already held there if he had not been lieutenant-governor of Greenwich in 1838.

It was, however, time for Sir Jahleel to retire. His brother Edward's death in 1839 had been a sad affliction, and as they had been united in love and often in duty, so their ends were not to be far asunder. He retired first to Westmoreland and then to a cottage in Staffordshire—gratified his feelings by writing and publishing a brief memoir of his brother's active and useful life, and died tranquilly at Elford in April, 1844, in the seventy-third year of his age. His memory will go down in honor, as among the first naval captains of the revolutionary war; and the example of his pure and pious character, and his untiring benevolence, may, we hope, benefit many of the rising members of his noble profession.

In case of a new edition being called for, we hope Mr. Raikes will at least give himself the trouble to

read over some one secular history, so as to know the dates of such events as the battle of Algeiras and the peace of Amiens. There are two lesser omissions also which we beg to see supplied—a portrait and an index. We know very well there is no use in wishing and praying to have the clumsy ship cut down to a tight frigate. If, however, she finally escapes foundering, it will be due, more entirely than in the case of the Gibraltar, to the solid mahogany at her bottom.

THE ENGLISH PLOUGHMAN'S PETITION.

KIND gentlefolks, members of Parliament, please ye,
I'm a poor agricultural laboring man;

I am sure I'm uncommonly sorry to tease ye,
But I hope you'll do something for me if you can.

Eight millions and more to the Irish you've granted,
Very well, I have nothing to say against that:
I am told, and believe, that the money was wanted,
From starvation to save poor unfortunate Pat.

But you, who conduct the affairs of the nation,
So considerate to Paddy in want and distress,
Can't you help me a little in my situation?

I don't think I deserve your benevolence less.
I work well for my living at least—what's my payment?

Recollect that a wife and young children have I—
Seven shillings a week. Will it buy food and raiment?

If it will, will it leave us a mite to lay by?

You tell me, unless I can save from my wages
A provision enough to maintain me when old,
That the workhouse the only resource of my age is;
How to save I should like very much to be told.
You say that the workhouse, by statesmen discerning,

To punish improvident people was meant;
If you'll show how a man with the pittance I'm earning

Can be provident, gentlemen, I'll be content.
Of my labor I'm told that dependent the pay is
On the law, as 't is called, of supply and demand;

If that pay is too little, then all I can say is,
There is something amiss in the law of the land.

If you cannot insure us, by wise legislation,
For an honest day's labor an honest day's hire,
Don't you think now to render us fair compensation,

That both reason and justice your honors require?
Put the means in our power, and we'll readily
hoard them,

To provide for our age, as you say we should do;
If your law of supply and demand won't afford
them,

We've a right to expect the provision from you.

We do all that we possibly can for a living;
There are some, I believe, I can mention that
don't;

Unto those that will work sure there's reason for
giving,

If there's any for giving to people that won't.
To the truly deserving succor extend it;

And if able to scrape up a few millions more,
On a sort of asylums suppose that you spend it—
For your old agricultural destitute poor.

Punch.

A PLAN OF COLONIZATION FOR IRELAND.

Copy of a Letter presented to Lord John Russell, with the accompanying Memorial.

"14, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, London,
March 31, 1847.

"My Lord—We have the honor to present to your lordship the enclosed memorial, with the list of names which we have been authorized to append to it.

"The main propositions which it embodies, and to which those who have signed it consider themselves pledged, are—1st, The necessity of systematic colonization, on a very large scale, from Ireland to Canada, and of the assistance of the state to promote it; 2d, The necessity of making religious provision for the emigrants; 3d, The advantage of enlisting private enterprise, in the form of agency, to carry out the plan; and 4th, A willingness to accept an income and property tax for the purpose of defraying the cost of the emigration.

"We hope to procure numerous adhesions to the principle of the memorial; which we will do ourselves the honor of transmitting to your lordship after the Easter holidays; but we have thought it more respectful to your lordship to send it to you at once, without waiting for its circulation in Ireland.

"We have the honor to be, my lord, your lordship's very obedient servants,

"W. H. GREGORY, M. P.
M. J. O'CONNELL, M. P.
J. R. GODLEY."

"To the Right Honorable }
Lord John Russell." }

Names authorized to be attached to the accompanying Memorial.

The Archbishop of Dublin; the Marquis of Ormonde; the Marquis of Ely; the Earl of Devon; the Earl of Desart; Lord Farnham; Lord Jocelyn; Sir A. J. Foster, Bart.; Colonel Wyndham, M. P.; Evelyn J. Shirley, Esq., M. P.; Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, M. P.; Alex. McCarthy, Esq., M. P.; Sir Chas. Coote, Bart., M. P.; R. B. Osborne, Esq., M. P.; Hon. James Maxwell, M. P.; Major Layard, M. P.; J. H. Hamilton, Esq., M. P.; Hon. S. Spring Rice, M. P.; M. J. O'Connell, Esq., M. P.; Wm. H. Gregory, Esq., M. P.; John Robert Godley, Esq.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

WE the undersigned, being desirous of promoting emigration as a means of giving effect to other measures for permanently improving the condition of Ireland, beg leave to submit our views to your lordship, as the head of her majesty's government.

We must request at the outset, that our signatures to this address may be received as expressing only a general approval by each of us of the plan which it recommends—not an adoption by us all of every particular opinion and statement contained in it. On matters of opinion relating to its main subject there are differences amongst us, and on matters of fact various degrees of information, such as to preclude us from professing an exact agreement except with regard to the object in view, and the means of attaining it. On these points, as both are here set forth, we entirely concur.

Although the plan which we lay before you is intended to be complete in its general features as a measure of emigration, we offer it to your attention only as part of a more comprehensive scheme of remedies—as a measure in aid of others of a widely

different character. We are persuaded that emigration alone, on whatever scale, and however admirably conducted, would not merely fail to remedy the social evils of Ireland, but would be quite fruitless for that purpose. It might be of great service to those who removed, but would not permanently affect the condition of those who remained behind. We pray of your lordship, therefore, to bear in mind, that our view of the importance of emigration is qualified by the supposition that other objects, which are unattainable by a mere diminution of numbers, will be pursued by appropriate and adequate means.

On this supposition, however, we conceive that the importance of emigration can hardly be overrated. Admitting that the simultaneous operation of other measures can alone render emigration very useful, still those other measures may be fruitless, or even mischievous, unless accompanied by emigration. As it would be vain to diminish the present competition for employment and land in Ireland, by means of a sufficient emigration, if the causes of the competition were left in full operation, so would it be impracticable to remove those causes and prevent their recurrence whilst the competition was severely felt. We would illustrate our meaning by reference to some of the suggestions of the commissioners of poor-law inquiry in Ireland. Supposing it to be the aim of a poor-law to render the owners of the soil responsible for the well-being of its inhabitants, the effect, whilst population continued vastly in excess of employment, would be a confiscation of the land, and a more complete pauperizing of the poor. Supposing public works to be promoted by the state, with a view of so altering the proportion between employment and labor as to qualify Ireland for the beneficial operation of a poor-law, still this effect could not be permanently maintained by a temporary cause: the evil of excessive numbers would only be suspended; perhaps it would recur with a force augmented rather than diminished by the artificial and temporary demand for labor. It may be questioned, moreover, whether any practicable amount of employment on public works would be sufficient to permit the establishment of a real poor-law without confiscating the land. The actual excess of numbers in Ireland is so great as to be incurable without a diminution of numbers. It is idle to hope that the balance between employment and labor will be redressed by increase of employment alone; nay, the actual excess of numbers is an impediment fatal to the beneficial operation of measures intended to increase employment. There is a circle of evil which we believe cannot be broken through save by a great mortality or a great emigration. Supposing starvation to be prevented this year by maintaining millions of destitute people at the public cost, what, we must ask, is to happen in the year 1848 and in the year 1849? We do suppose that a great mortality will be prevented by this means; but this is not a remedy; it is only a palliative; and we cannot help believing, that without a positive diminution of numbers, the remedies which may be intended for permanent effect will at best only mitigate the evil; nay, that in the long run this may prove one of those cases in which palliatives have the effect of increasing the difficulty of a radical cure.

Let us pause, my lord, for a moment, to consider more carefully the nature and extent of the crisis with which we have to deal. It is perfectly notorious and undeniable that the destruction of the potato crop in Ireland must produce, not only an im-

mense amount of temporary misery, but a complete revolution in the agriculture and social economy of that country. Hitherto, the great mass of the Irish agricultural laborers and their families (who constitute nearly three fourths of the whole population) have depended almost entirely for their support on potatoes; that is, on the lowest and cheapest kind of food. Henceforward they must cease to do so; and, consequently, means must be found for supplying them with cereal food—that is, with food *more than twice as expensive* as potatoes. This sudden and compulsory transition from a lower to a higher kind of food constitutes a phenomenon unparalleled in history; and we believe that public attention has not been sufficiently drawn to its inevitable consequences.

It follows from it, that the fund applicable to the payment of wages in Ireland must be suddenly more than doubled, or that a large proportion of the present laboring population must starve if they remain there. Now, it has been proved by the most incontestible evidence, that in order to provide this absolutely necessary increase in the wages-fund, a sum would be required considerably exceeding the whole rental of the country; so that, even on the hypothesis of the entire produce of the soil of Ireland being equally divided amongst its inhabitants, it would not suffice to satisfy their indispensable necessities. We abstain from entering into detailed proof of this proposition, because that task has been already performed, and because a very slight consideration will convince every thinking man of its general truth.

In order, then, to enable Ireland to feed her inhabitants, there are but two alternatives which can be suggested; first, the introduction of capital *ab extra* to such an amount, and its application in such a manner, as will immediately and greatly increase production; or, secondly, such a diminution of the numbers to be fed as will preserve them within the limits of the existing resources. Now, the first alternative requires only to be stated in order that all may see the impossibility of its application. The very nature of the disease precludes the use of the remedy. Capital will not flow into a country where the whole social system is in process of revolution, where millions are struggling for life, and where consequently there cannot be security or protection for person and property. From a country in such a state, it is far more likely that much of the capital now invested will disengage itself, than that more will flow in; and it is useless to expect that the artificial introduction of capital, by state advances, should be carried to such an extent as to counteract the operation of these natural causes. Nor is this all: if the capital were on the spot, there is not the skill to make use of it. The transition must be made from a lower to a higher system of husbandry, as well as from a lower to a higher kind of food. Farms must be enlarged, labor must be combined, a whole population must, in short, be educated afresh and induced to alter their habits, character, and mode of life, before the most lavish application of capital can produce the desired result. The period of transition must, upon the most favorable hypothesis, extend over many years; and it is fearful to reflect upon the demoralization and misery with which that period must be fraught, and which must indefinitely retard its termination. Again; supposing it were possible that, in the course of time, and in spite of all difficulties, the resources of Ireland might be developed so as to produce the necessary amount of food, it must be remembered that this very process would tend to throw a vast number of

laborers out of employment. In England, only three laborers are employed on every hundred arable acres—in Ireland, eight. It follows, then, that if the agriculture of Ireland were brought up to the level of that of England, the change must be accompanied by such an increased economy of labor as would increase, to a proportionate extent, the surplus of laborers which even now exists.

These considerations suffice to show the utter inapplicability of the first alternative which we have stated. Unless, then, the people of England are prepared to say that they will, for many years to come, supply the Irish people with imported food at an immense expense, or suffer them to starve by millions, they must turn to the second alternative with a deep and earnest desire that safe and salutary means may be found for insuring its immediate and extensive application. It is to diminish the redundant numbers of Ireland by means of well-regulated emigration.

Nor will we abstain from impressing on your lordship our conviction, that, inasmuch as the object of emigration is to remove a pressure of excessive numbers, so heavy as to prevent the operation of measures otherwise calculated to produce a sound state of social economy in Ireland, so it is essential that the amount of emigration should be sufficient for the purpose in view. An emigration which might be termed great, and which might be very large in comparison with any that has yet taken place, would be of no avail at all unless it were large enough. However large it were, if it were short of the requisite amount, it would not be a remedy, but only a palliative. Of such a palliative we do not deny the value; for it might be the least costly mode of providing a subsistence for the destitute; and the increase of numbers, and of demand for British manufactures, which it would occasion in new countries, is not to be overlooked, whilst the assured improvement of the poor emigrant's condition is a very pleasing consideration. But still this short-coming emigration might as well not take place at all for any effect that it would have on the relations between employment and labor in Ireland. With respect to a people of whom a large proportion are on the verge of want, disease, and death—of whom numbers die of disease produced by want—emigration, whatever its amount, is, *pro tanto*, preferable to destitution and death as a check to the increase of numbers. But if it came short of such an amount as would carry off from time to time any superabundance of people over the means of a decent subsistence, it would not merely be inadequate, it would be unavailing, as a remedy in aid of permanent measures. It is hardly doubtful that emigration from Ireland might be considerably increased without at all affecting the condition of the people remaining behind. In order to produce the results which we have in view, we are persuaded that emigration must be limited by nothing but the indisposition to emigrate; that it must be coextensive with the motives which lead to emigration. When it should be seen that emigration from Ireland was beginning to diminish, not in consequence of any decrease of demand for Irish labor in new countries, nor in consequence of any diminution of the means of paying for a passage, but in consequence of a general facility of obtaining employment in Ireland, whether that facility had been occasioned by increase of employment or decrease of numbers, or both; then—that is, when the motives to remaining at home were seen to be growing stronger than the motives to emigration—it would be obvious that the

amount of emigration had been sufficient. There appears to be no other adequate test of the sufficiency of this remedy in aid. We must own, therefore, that we contemplate a very large increase of emigration.

Comparing the probable amount of a sufficient increase with any increase that is likely to take place in consequence of measures hitherto adopted by the legislature, we must confess that those measures (such as the arrangements at present made for aiding poor Irish emigrants on their arrival in British North America) appear not only totally inadequate, but likewise really irrelevant to the present emergency. There is a good deal of vague remark about present emigration from Ireland, and assistance afforded by government to the emigrants, as a probable means of beneficially affecting the social state of Ireland; the two subjects are mentioned together, as if there was really an important connection between them. We object to this view of the matter, as claiming for present arrangements by the state, with regard to emigration from Ireland, a degree of importance which in nowise belongs to them. The arrangements, so far as they go, are useful and praiseworthy; the present emigration is good for the emigrants; good for the new countries where they settle; good for the manufactures and commerce of the United Kingdom, whose field of employment for capital and labor is enlarged by it; often good for the particular localities relieved; but it has no closer relation to the cure of Irish distress, considered nationally, than a spark may be as a means of giving warmth. A remedy may be of the right kind and yet wholly ineffectual. It appears to us, that by failing to mark the difference between quality and quantity, and thus falling into that train of ideas which connects present emigration with the permanent improvement of Ireland as cause and effect, we should rather help to provide an excuse for doing nothing, than represent our own opinion that it is necessary to do a great deal in order to do anything effectual.

At the same time, we should be misunderstood if your lordship were led to suppose that we are amongst those who deem Ireland incapable of supporting its present population in comfort. We cannot doubt, on the contrary, that if the social economy of Ireland were made to resemble that of England, the population of Ireland might be larger than it is. We are persuaded that by such a system of measures as would deserve to be called a plan for the regeneration of Ireland, the wages of labor, the profits of capital, and the rent of land might all be increased; and that the final and not very distant effect might be an increase of numbers. It is only under present circumstances that the population of Ireland is redundant; all that we desire is a temporary decrease of numbers as one essential means to the production of other circumstances, in which the population of Ireland might be greater than it has ever been, and well off into the bargain.

Having disposed of these preliminary topics, we proceed to the ground-work of our plan, by setting forth the principles on which it is founded.

Amongst the poorer classes in Ireland, there is a disposition to emigrate and settle in new countries, which has no assignable limit. If, at this time, the power to emigrate were coextensive with the inclination, millions would seek a home in countries where land is cheap, and the wages of labor and the profits of capital are both higher than anywhere in Europe. In that case, the entire process of an effectual social reform in Ireland might be com-

menced without delay. But the power to emigrate has obvious limits; it cannot exceed either the demand for immigrant labor in new countries, or the means possessed by the Irish poor of paying for a passage. The aim of our plan is to extend these limits—to cause such an increase of the new-country demand for labor, and of the means of removing, that the prevalent disposition to emigrate shall be unchecked.

But we must emphatically declare that it is not our object to increase mere emigration from Ireland. The going forth of the poorest and most helpless class of people in the world, to be hewers of wood and drawers of water in distant countries, is only not to be deplored, because, on the whole, it is better than the existing alternative. But, though for that reason not to be regretted, still it is attended by circumstances which render it so unsatisfactory and displeasing as to produce comparatively little desire for its extension. Nor can there be a doubt that emigration from Ireland, in order to be much extended, must be altered in character. As well, therefore, from a feeling of repugnance to the present kind of emigration—which has been justly termed a shovelling out of our paupers—as from a conviction that the mode must be greatly changed in order to increase the quantity, we trust that her majesty's government and Parliament may see fit to treat emigration as but a part of something else—that is, as one of the elements of colonization. We are not the advocates of an augmented emigration from Ireland, but of an Irish colonization which would comprise increased emigration.

The favor with which proposals of a systematic colonization have of late years been received by the public is not more remarkable than the vagueness of those suggestions. It is commonly said, that for the loose and scrambling proceedings by which the waste territory of the British empire is at present colonized, there ought to be substituted a system founded on definite principles, carefully adapted to the ends in view, sanctioned by legislative authority, and carried into effect under the vigilant superintendence of the executive government;—but nobody tells us what that system ought to be. It is urged by many, that our colonization ought to carry out society entire, and to plant it in the wilderness in such a way that the new community should exhibit the attributes of civilization belonging to the old, without the evils which arise from excess of population;—but nobody explains how all this is to be done. We are told that people of all classes should be induced to emigrate; that the poor should be accompanied by the rich, who are their natural leaders; that careful preparation should be made for the arrival of the emigrants in their new abode; that religion and education should be deliberately provided for in the colony; and that the colonists should really, as well as apparently, possess institutions of government as free as those of their mother-country;—but the *modus operandi* remains wholly unexplained. So vague, indeed, are the common notions on this subject, that one or two recent improvements, in method, or even the old practices without the improvements, are sometimes called by the fashionable name of “systematic colonization.” In using the term, we intend something far more precise and real than these hazy generalities. The plan which we recommend may not obtain your lordship's approval, or be worthy of public support; but, at any rate, it is a plan.

You will see that those by whom it has been framed have at least endeavored to define the objects

in view, to discover the most suitable means, to select the easiest and most effectual methods, and to combine and arrange them into a harmonious system.

None of us imagine, however, that it is a system fitted for universal application. We should rather distrust than be inclined to recommend a plan for which such lofty pretensions were claimed. For it seems but reasonable to conclude, that no system can be applicable to the work of colonization by all nations under all circumstances; and that every system ought to be framed with regard to the peculiarities of national and social character, and to the other peculiar circumstances of the case. And this is the course pursued in the present instance.

In this case, it is of the highest importance to consider the peculiarities of national and social character. That part of the Irish nation to which a measure of colonization would be chiefly applicable, consists, for the most part, of the descendants of the ancient native population as distinguished from the Anglo-Irish, and presents a social aspect widely different from that of the latter—different in circumstances and position, as well as in religion, habits, and character. While they constitute the great majority in point of numbers, they possess, comparatively speaking, a very small amount of property, and especially of property in land. It is needless, and would be out of place, to advert to the causes of this disproportion; but there is one effect of it which we are satisfied must be deeply impressed on the minds of those who would frame a good plan of colonization for Ireland: the Irish Roman Catholic population comprises so small a proportion of the middle and highest classes, that it may be said to consist mainly of an indigent and uneducated peasantry. The exceptions from this rule consist mainly of a very few landowners, a few lawyers and other professional men, and some merchants and tradesmen—but few in comparison with the proportion of the richer classes among the Protestants; and, lastly, the clergy. The Irish Roman Catholic people may be said to have, practically, almost no aristocracy—no natural leaders but their priesthood; while, from their peculiarities of character and circumstances, they stand more in need of leadership than any people on the face of the earth.

Now, the most careful government could not presently supply an Irish Roman Catholic colonization with that which neither exists at present nor could be soon created: it could not furnish the classes of gentry and capitalists—the natural leaders or care-takers of society—who under a good system of colonization would emigrate along with the poorest classes of English, or Scotch, or Anglo-Irish. By way of stay, and help, and guide, and government, to a great body of Irish Roman Catholic emigrants, it would be impossible to supply anything effectual, save only a sufficient number of that order of men who constitute, as we have said, their real and actual governors and guides—that is, of their clergy. With a view to a colonization rather than emigration of Irish Roman Catholics—in order to transplant and establish in society large numbers of that people—there must be transplanted and established along with them the only institution to which the great mass of them appear really attached in their native land. If there were any other institution which possessed an important influence here over the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry, that also ought to emigrate along with them. But there are

two reasons why the transplantation of their church is peculiarly indispensable. First, because, as the only existing institution really formed, respected, and loved by the people, it will be their chief security against falling into a state of anarchy or barbarism—into that state which an Irish Roman Catholic settlement in Canada, for example, invariably exhibits when planted without a clergyman; and, secondly, because every one who is familiar with the history of planting of colonies, knows that great success has never been attained when religious provisions were neglected, and that the influence of religious provisions was wanting in all the cases of remarkable failure.

We are speaking now of the influence of religion apart from peculiarity of creed. This is not the place for us to express (however deeply we may, as individuals, feel) a conviction of the superiority of one form of religious belief over another. As colonizers, we consider simply the wants and wishes of the emigrants. Those wants and wishes, upon the subject of religion, we could not alter if we would; and the only question left for our consideration is, how are we to deal with and make the best use of circumstances over the existence and influence of which we have no control. But what we say of the Roman Catholic church we wish to apply also to other communions. It is because we believe that the emigration of which we are the advocates must be in overwhelming proportion Roman Catholic, that our statement proceeds on the hypothesis that it will be entirely so. At the same time, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that if it consisted mainly of members of the Church of England, or the Church of Scotland, or the Wesleyan body, we should give the foremost place in our plan to transplantation, along with the emigrants, of the religious influence to which they were accustomed at home, and which alone they would accept abroad; and in proportion as it may even now consist of them, we wish that the religious provisions of our plan should apply in the fullest extent to them also.

Reverting to the past, we are convinced that the Church of England in Virginia, the Roman Catholic in Maryland, Quakerism in Pennsylvania, and Puritanism in New England, were the principal causes respectively of the stability of society in those colonies of England, and of their wonderful advancement in material prosperity. Nay more, the student of the colonial history of England will not fail to observe, that the prosperity of the old English colonies in America seems to have been in a pretty equal ratio to the influences of religion on the emigrants; the colonies in which religious provisions were neglected were the least prosperous; those in which they were more regarded were more prosperous; and the most prosperous of modern colonies, those of New England, were in fact Levitical communities, almost entirely governed and managed by influences of a religious kind. On the other hand, during more recent times, emigration has proceeded, and a sort of colonization has gone on, as if the work were merely economical or commercial—as if religion were deemed of no importance to society—as if it were denied that a history of religion would be a history of mankind; and, at length, we have got into the habit of saying that colonization is one of the lost arts. It is on general grounds, therefore, relating to the art of colonization, as well as on the score of the peculiar dependence of the Irish Roman Catholics on their church as stay, guide, and government, that we

insist on the necessity of ample religious provisions as essential to the well-doing of an Irish Roman Catholic colonization.

There is another influence, however, to which we attach a high degree of importance. It is that of nationality. Apart from religion, the Irish Roman Catholics are what may be termed a national people; that is, they are a people bound together and separated from the rest of the world by peculiarities and sympathies of historical recollections, of actual circumstances, of customs and sentiments, and perhaps of origin or blood. They mix but little with any other people, either in England, Scotland, the English part of Ireland, or even in the new countries to which vast numbers of them emigrate. This, like their religion and its potent influence on them, is a fact of which no human power can alter the complexion; and we believe it to be one on which a sound measure of Roman Catholic Irish colonization must of necessity be founded. We believe that, in order to plant any number of them happily in a new country, and in order to render that country attractive to great numbers of them, their national sympathies and associations, as well as their religion, must be carefully preserved and deliberately used for the furtherance of the best results which religion and nationality are capable of producing. It appears to us, therefore, most unadvisable to scatter Irish emigration over numerous distinct colonies. It seems most expedient to choose some one country to which the main stream of emigration should be directed, and in which, accordingly, a powerful Irish nationality would at once take root. If the emigrants were dispersed amongst a number of communities, in each of which they would be an alien minority, their nationality would be lost or wasted; the best that could happen to them, speaking nationally, would be a speedy amalgamation with the different nations or communities into which they had been received. In this case their connection with Ireland, as *nuclei* of attraction to further bodies of emigrants, would soon disappear. But if, on the contrary, the great bulk of an Irish colonization took place in one part of the world, the process would establish an Irish nation, with free scope for the beneficial working of an Irish nationality, and with such intimate relations of national sympathy between the new people and its parent stock, as to provide the strongest moral or non-material inducements to the emigration of more people. Your lordship will perceive that we are not thinking of a peddling measure of mere emigration, but of a process of really systematic colonization.

In support of confining the work of Irish colonization which we contemplate to one part of the world, there are some more reasons to which considerable weight must be attached. It is indispensable, with a view to economy, that the field of colonization should be the nearest country to Ireland affording room for a great immigration. As there are many who think that emigration is not a good remedy for the ills of Ireland, because "the process of bridging over the Atlantic would be too expensive," so it seems worse than idle to propose that any direction should be given to an Irish emigration but that in which the cost of passage should be as low as possible. This is the case with regard to North America, and for two reasons; partly because the passage from Ireland to North America is the shortest of emigrant voyages, and partly because, in the trade between North America and the United Kingdom, the exports of America and imports of

exports of Britain the reverse of bulky, so that ships which come heavy laden to Britain go light to America, and carry passengers at a very low rate. This must be more especially the case for many years to come, during which the importation of provisions from America must be incalculably larger than it has ever hitherto been, and must of course supply a corresponding amount of freight disposable for emigration. In the next place, it is of the last importance, with a view to economy, that the emigration should be directed to that country in which the greatest superabundance of food already exists, and which possesses the greatest present capacity of increasing its supply of food. If a large body of Irish emigrants were despatched to an uninhabited country, or one containing but few inhabitants, it would be necessary to supply them for a year or two with food procured from other countries at a great expense. We are informed that the first colonists of South Australia and New Zealand imported nearly all their food during the first two or three years of their settlement, and that the greater part of that food was sent to them from this country. If a million of Irish emigrants were sent to any country but North America, it would be necessary to send along with or after them about four million barrels of flour, at a cost of from 8,000,000*l.* to 10,000,000*l.*; and in all probability the greater part of the flour would come from North America. Manifestly, therefore, it is to North America alone that a great Irish emigration should be directed. It is there only that the emigrants would fall in with a great store of food ready for the mouths of new comers; because it is there only that an abundance of fertile land exists in combination with a skilful agricultural population many times more numerous than any conceivable amount of annual emigration. For an English, or Scotch, or Anglo-Irish colonization, an uninhabited country, or one very slightly inhabited, may be suitable, because the emigrants might carry with them an ample capital, as in the recent cases of South Australia and New Zealand; but an Irish Roman Catholic emigration must chiefly consist of mere laborers seeking employment by the capital of the country to which they emigrate. Of capital for the employment of emigrants food is the main item. Of such capital the greatest abundance exists in North America; and there is no other country in which it exists in sufficient abundance for the objects in view.

But great part of North America is a foreign country. We do not stop to ask whether it would be allowable or possible for the government of Britain to make arrangements with that of the United States for the reception and absorption of a great Irish emigration in the latter country, because there are circumstances in the United States, independent of the point of foreign dominion, which unfit that country for the prosperity of a great Irish colonization. If ever two nationalities came into collision by meeting, it is the Irish and the American in the United States. Everywhere in the United States the Irish-born part of the population is only tolerated by the native Americans as what has been termed "a serviceable nuisance;" it is a population of foreigners and outcasts, exceedingly valuable as a mass of labor which gives productiveness to capital in a country where the natives dislike working for hire, but socially despised, and in so many ways ill-treated, that practically it does not enjoy that equality of rights which is the boast of the American democracy. Your lordship is doubtless aware of the recent organization of a party in the United States with the name of Native Americans. The

object of this association is to give effect to the American sentiment of hostility to the Irish. The existence of that sentiment in the United States, founded as it is on antipathies of religion and race, and prevailing in a country whose Irish-born inhabitants must, under any circumstances, be a small minority, would be a fatal impediment to the employment of the religious and national peculiarities of the Irish as a means of prosperous colonization, even if the United States were in the British empire. The American Union is only suitable for a mere immigration of the Irish as hewers of wood and drawers of water. We turn, therefore, to the part of North America, in which no such impediments exist. In British North America, an Irish colonization, if it were so conducted as to be orderly and prosperous, would be cordially welcomed by the present inhabitants. A colonization directed to British North America might be regulated and fostered by the British government. The field of colonization, therefore, which we propose, is the British provinces in the neighborhood of the St. Lawrence.

This country is amply large enough for the purpose. It is in the part of the world where the greatest abundance of human food is brought into the market at the lowest price. It already contains a population, for the most part engaged in agriculture, exceeding any possible amount of annual Irish immigration; and so very large a proportion of its fertile soil is still uncultivated, that for many years to come every addition to its numbers by immigration will add to its capacity of receiving more immigrants. A considerable part of the present population is Irish-born; and in the greatest of the provinces, the Roman Catholic church is that of the majority. It is in British North America, therefore, and especially in Canada, that effect might be most readily given to the foregoing suggestions with regard to using the nationality and religion of the Irish as means of successful colonization.

For the sake of brevity, we shall henceforth mention Canada only; but intending what is said of the one province to be received as more or less applicable to them all, or rather to the whole of them as one country, which indeed they are in similarity of circumstances, and which they are not unlikely to become in government and name.

Supposing the attributes of Canada to be such as to render it the most suitable field for a great Irish colonization, its deficiencies for that purpose, and the means of supplying them, must be next considered. That there are circumstances in the present state of Canada very unfavorable to the reception of a large Irish immigration, may be inferred from the fact, that the greater part of the Irish emigrants who avail themselves of the return of lumber-ships to the St. Lawrence in order to obtain a cheap passage to America, merely pass through Canada on their way to settle in the United States. Many of them, indeed, work for a time in Canada, especially during harvest, and are thus counted by the emigration agents as settlers in Canada; but we are assured by persons who have carefully investigated this subject on the spot, that the proportion of Irish Roman Catholic emigrants ultimately settling in Canada is very small indeed. Its amount is said to be indicated by the very small proportion which Canadian remittances bear to the great fund annually transmitted from North America to Ireland, by Irish emigrants who have prospered in the British colonies and the United States. Nor should any surprise be felt at this circumstance. Irish emigration to America is almost a pauper emigra-

tion; its cost is, in a great measure, defrayed by the relatives and friends of the emigrants who have gone before them, and made money as laborers for hire; it is attracted and sustained by hardly anything but the transatlantic demand for Irish labor. Now, by far the greater part of this demand exists in the United States. The disproportion may at first sight be attributed to the greatness of the area and population of the United States in proportion to those of Canada; but on examination, it appears that in a portion of the United States of which the area and population do not exceed those of Canada, the demand for labor is incalculably greater than in Canada. The state of New York alone furnishes a demand for Irish labor out of all proportion greater than its excess of population over that of Canada. We are aware that such comparisons are apt to mislead, when too strictly interpreted; but they are valuable as indications of the approximate truth. In this instance, we should infer from them that it is neither want of room nor want of people that keeps down the demand for Irish labor in Canada; and the inference is supported by facts taken from numerous authentic sources of information.

Until quite recently, Canada has been ruled by two governments, the one at Quebec, the other at Toronto—that is, five hundred and forty miles apart—in subordination to which, the inhabitants did not possess even the semblance of those delegations of local authority which constitute a great part of the government of England, and which have been the principal means of a vast outlay of capital and labor in improving the *country* of England as distinguished from the metropolis. The government of France under Napoleon, or of Russia, was not more thoroughly centralized than those of Upper and Lower Canada before the union of the provinces. Central government in an old country is a great bar to improvement, except at the seat of government. In a new country, where not even great lines of communication have been accomplished by the only authority, and where the people are much dispersed in consequence of the cheapness of land, it is perfectly fatal. Until the period of the union of the provinces, accordingly, Canada was in such a state of backwardness as regards local improvement, and the fact was so striking in comparison with the progress of any of the adjoining states, which enjoy very complete institutions of local management, independently of their state governments, that the contrast formed the subject of a large portion of Lord Durham's report on the affairs of British North America; and the providing of a remedy for this state of things has been a prominent object of the government of the United Province. The machinery of an eventual remedy has been provided by establishing a municipal system founded on Lord Durham's recommendation; but this powerful instrument of local improvement could not be expected to produce sudden effects of any importance; and its total absence until quite lately, is one of the principal reasons why the demand for Irish labor has been so much less in Canada than in the state of New York. It may be said that Canada has yet to be made habitable. By means of aid from the imperial government in the form of credit, Canada has recently made some important improvements in the great lines of communication; but the inferior lines—the network of smaller communications, which forms a main distinction between civilized and barbarous countries—has hardly been begun. In such a state of things, the accumulation of capital is slow in proportion to the difficulty of taking agricultural produce to a market; neither private enterprise nor public works

stimulate the industry and increase the resources of the people; and a general stagnation is the state of public economy.

We have been assured, moreover, that the precariousness or unsteadiness of the supply of Irish labor in Canada is one cause of the smallness of the demand. As the main stream of Irish immigration into Canada passes on into the United States, being attracted thither by the numbers who have gone before, the Canadian farmer (and in a country like Canada nine tenths of the people are farmers) seldom retains the labor of a hired emigrant, and is never sure of being able to replace it by that of another at the moment when the first thinks proper to quit his service. He seldom attempts, therefore, a mode of cultivation which requires the constant employment of many workmen; his motive for accumulating capital is very much weaker than it would be if he were always sure of an ample supply of labor. Thus, paradoxical as it may seem to those who are wholly unacquainted with the peculiar circumstances of new countries, the want of a steady supply of labor in Canada tends to prevent a steady and continually increasing demand for labor.

But there is another circumstance in Canada still more adverse to the settlement of masses of Irish Roman Catholic emigrants in that colony. The general poverty of the Irish emigrants who settle in Canada is such as to preclude them from making a suitable provision for their church. The old endowments of the Roman Catholic church in the French part of Canada are of scarcely any avail to the Irish, on account of the differences of language. For an *Irish* Roman Catholic church a mere trifle is provided by the state in Canada, though the churches of England and Scotland and the Wesleyan Methodists are endowed by law. In Canada, therefore, the church of the *Irish* Roman Catholics occupies an inferior position, and is really starved as well. In the United States, on the contrary, where the spiritual government of all creeds is on a footing of legal equality, that church which may be termed the *Irish* Roman Catholic, being the church of Rome administered by a clergy whose language and sympathies are those of the Irish immigrants, is maintained by the contributions of large masses of people who have acquired some property by their labor. Considering the peculiar dependence of the Irish on their church, it should almost be a matter of surprise that a greater proportion of those who come from Ireland to Canada do not proceed to the United States.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that there are circumstances in the state of Canada singularly favorable to the object in view. The improvements of communication recently effected by the aid of imperial credit, and a commencement of activity by some of the district councils, have given an impulse to the spirit of improvement which is a subject of general remark in the colony. Canada appears to have just reached that point in the career of a new American country at which the hard struggle with difficulties almost ceases, and a continual advancement or prosperity becomes manifest to all beholders. There is scarcely a spot in the whole country that fails to exhibit marks of progress. In the amount of produce raised from its soil, in rough manufactures, in its home trade and its foreign trade, in road-making and building, in population and public revenue, Canada has been steadily and rapidly advancing during the last few years. The public revenue has been more than doubled since 1843.

Upon the whole, the colony appears to be in just that state of advancement on the one hand, and room for further progress on the other, which affords the best opportunity for successful colonization on a great scale.

By way of apology for having troubled your lordship with such lengthy observations on the character of Irish emigration and on the circumstances of Canada, we must observe, that our plan is really founded on the foregoing view of the materials of a colonization, beginning by emigration from Ireland, and completed by settlement in Canada. If that view is correct, your lordship will readily perceive the nature of the means by which Canada might (if so great an object is by any means practicable) be rendered attractive of an Irish immigration sufficient in amount to be of important service to a reform of the social economy of Ireland. It is obvious that the first step in the process of success must be a great increase of the demand for Irish labor in Canada. All the measures that we are about to propose have been selected as more or less calculated to promote this one object. If your lordship should agree with us as to the character of the means proposed, there will remain but two questions for your consideration; namely, first, whether those means, however suitable in character, are sufficiently potent; and, secondly, whether they are unobjectionable upon considerations apart from suitability.

The great and primary want in Canada, as in every new country, is capital. Every session of the Provincial Legislature, every official report and return, almost every newspaper published in the province, teems with evidence of the vast field which exists for the profitable employment of capital, and of the anxious desire felt to procure it. The colonists see the great results which have been effected in the United States by the easy access which their new states possess to the money-markets of the American cities; they see the unparalleled progress made through such means by states not superior to their own country in natural advantages; and they complain loudly of the impediments which prevent the natural development of their own resources, by depriving them of the capital and labor which they could so advantageously employ. It will be necessary for us here to consider what those impediments are.

The new American states, as we have said, can procure from the American money-markets a certain amount at least of capital, because the capitalist knows that his investment will be made in his native country, and consequently will be guaranteed to him by its laws, in which he has that confidence which is necessary to all satisfactory commercial transactions. But Canada, though a part of an empire the resources of whose capitalists are incalculably greater than those of the Americans, is in a position altogether different as regards the circumstances under which she can apply to them.

We imagine that no one would deny, that if Canada, with its present inhabitants, and in its present state of advancement, could be brought across the Atlantic and placed by the side of Ireland, under British institutions and laws, Ireland would no longer suffer from excess of numbers. The whole surplus population of Ireland would at once find employment, at good wages, in the settlement and improvement of the new territory. But this effect would be far from due to the mere facility of emigration from the old into the new Ireland, situated side by side; for the mere emigration of poor laborers does

not produce employment for them. The effect would be occasioned by the immediate investment of all the capital of the United Kingdom which could not find equally profitable employment in its present field, in the cultivation and improvement of the new territory. British capital would be advanced to the owners and other inhabitants of the new territory, on all sorts of securities; on that of the land itself; on that of turnpike-roads and railroads; and on that of town and county rates. There would be capital enough in the new territory for the employment of any conceivable number of emigrants; and until the whole of it were brought into the most productive cultivation, the increase of capital, or the demand for labor, might go on increasing continually. This supposed case leads to the inquiry, whether it would be possible to enable the inhabitants of Canada, remaining where it is, to obtain large advances of capital in the British money-market.

What is it that prevents the Canadians from obtaining in this country a supply of capital equal to the demand for it in Canada—that is, equal to the opportunities of profitable investment which Canada presents? Mere distance is not the impediment; for British capital would be advanced without stint to anybody at the antipodes who could offer what was deemed a really good security both in point of value and in point of faith or obligation. Respecting the mere value of Canadian securities, there would be no insuperable doubt in the British money-market; because inquiry would soon convince capitalists of the ability of the colonists to pay debts incurred for the improvement of their country. But there would be doubt on the point of faith or obligation. It must not be overlooked, that the former province of Upper Canada was once in default with its public creditor. The immense losses which British capitalists have suffered from the bad faith of some of the United States have caused a strong feeling of distrust and repugnance with regard to all American securities. The recent rebellions in Canada, the vicinity of the colony to the United States, the annexation of Texas, the differences about Oregon, are circumstances relating to Canada in particular, which tend to deprive that colony of credit in the British money-market. But there is another circumstance relating to colonies in general which operates with still more effect. It is the discredit which at present attaches in public opinion to everything relating to colonies and colonization. In the city of London, the great money mart of the world, the disposition to engage in colonial enterprises is extinct; and its extinction is there attributed to causes utterly beyond the control of those who have lost their money by engaging in colonial undertakings. It is idle to reason with this sentiment: it is a prolonged panic, which cannot cease till its causes shall be forgotten, or till a better system in the administration of colonial affairs shall have had time to create new impressions.

This view of the causes of the low credit of Canada in the British money-market, suggests two means by which, if they operated in conjunction, the credit of the colony might be sufficiently improved. There are two defects to be remedied; first, a want of confidence in the stability of any law but that of the empire; secondly, a vague but not less effectual fear of the instability of imperial law in Canada. In the first place, the British capitalist doubts whether a provincial law, under which he had advanced money in the colony, might not be altered by provincial legislation; and in the next

place, he has an apprehension which is far from definite, but therefore perhaps the more deterring, that political events might ensue which would render even imperial law inoperative in Canada. There are two defects to be cured. The first of them—that is, the supposed instability of provincial law, or the liability of provincial law to lawful alteration—might be cured by giving to contracts between British capitalists and public bodies in the colony, the validity of imperial law: the contracts should be made under a law of the imperial parliament; which, according to the constitutional law of the colony, (the imperial act for the union of the provinces,) could not be lawfully touched by provincial legislation. In this case the contracts would be as much under the sanction of imperial law as if they had been made in pursuance of provisions contained in the union act itself. A method of curing the second defect is not so obvious. The defect would indeed be cured by the simple method of a specific guarantee by the imperial parliament against adverse political events; but there would be an awkwardness in the specific or direct admission by the imperial government of even the bare possibility of such events, which deprives this suggestion of practical value. The guarantee must needs be real; but there seems no reason why it should be specific or direct. A real guarantee to the whole effect in question was given by the imperial parliament when it assured a certain rate of interest to the British capitalists who recently advanced 1,500,000*l.* to Canada for the improvement of the colony. Careful inquiry has not enabled us to discover any other mode of proceeding, of the same character, by which the apprehension of adverse political events could be removed without awkward admissions by parliament of the possibility of such events.

But such a guarantee of interest as was given by Parliament in the case of the loan of 1,500,000*l.* to Canada, even if otherwise unobjectionable, would not be in harmony with our view of the most efficient mode of conducting the proposed colonization. We are persuaded that the mainspring of all successful colonization consists of the incentives of private interest and enterprise. We should as soon expect to establish a prosperous settlement without this impulse as to see London fed without waste by a commissariat. But a parliamentary guarantee of interest, at the market rate, on money invested in the improvement of Canada, would deprive the lender of all further anxiety—of all motive for caring whether the money were wasted or beneficially laid out. The object is, to induce him to advance his money at all, by removing his fear of the invalidation of contracts through either lawful or lawless proceedings, and yet to leave him with a strong motive for taking care that his money should be beneficially invested—to remove his fear of a total loss from events over which he could have no control, and yet to place the investment of his money under the influences of private interest and enterprise. It is therefore suggested, that with respect to investments of British money in the improvement of Canada, the Canadian government shall guarantee the payment, at all events, of a very low rate of interest; not such a rate as would alone obtain an advance of money; less than that, but such a rate as, in conjunction with the hope of being punctually paid a higher rate of profit by the investments, would induce the capitalist to embark his money in them. So far, however, the security would be wholly provincial, and therefore inadequate. It is therefore further suggested, that the provincial guar-

antee of this low rate of interest should be confirmed or backed by the imperial parliament. According to this mode of proceeding, the capitalist would rely primarily on the profits of the investments. He would thus be induced by the motive of a strong private interest to exercise caution in selecting securities of ample money value—that is, in taking care that his money should not be laid out except on objects so productive as to yield him a higher return than the very low rate of interest secured at all events. He would be constantly under the influence of strong personal inducement to so manage his investment that the guarantee of interest should ultimately be a nullity.

Having suggested the mode in which, as it appears to us, the discredit attaching to Canadian securities may be effectually removed, we proceed to specify the modes of investment to which we conceive that the proposed guarantees should apply. They are of two kinds. The first would consist in loans to the district councils of Canada, who would anxiously apply for and extensively employ them. The second would consist in undertakings by British capitalists of public works on their own account. Persons intimately acquainted with the colony know that if capital were abundant in Canada, numerous public works might be undertaken by individuals or companies with at least as good a prospect of advantage to the undertakers as is afforded by the far more costly public works of old countries. The means of procuring a profitable return are perceived; but there is wanting the comfortable moral security which arises from perfect confidence in the political and legal validity of contracts. To such investment, no doubt, the suggested guarantee would immediately direct a large amount of British capital.

Another and a very potent means of augmenting the capital of Canada, would be measures which should have the effect of attracting into that colony from the United States persons of Irish birth or immediate descent, who have acquired property by their labor, but whose existence is made uncomfortable by the antipathies of religion and race in the midst of which they live. Persons who have made it their business to examine the state of the Irish-born population of North America declare their impression, that if the moral attraction of Canada were sufficient, the amount of capital brought into the colony would surpass the belief of those who have not attended to this subject. By sufficiency of moral attraction, we mean such a development in Canada of the religion and nationality of the Irish as would present to the Roman Catholic Irish inhabitants of the United States a striking and most gratifying contrast with their present religious and social position. The machinery for producing this result will be described presently.

Another means of providing employment for immigrant labor would be the preparation of settlements for those who should be ready to go upon land. This brings us to a consideration of another and most important branch of the subject—the very key-stone, in short, of our whole plan.

If the capital of Canada, or the demand for immigrant labor, were increased to the uttermost, it would still be necessary to provide for a regular succession of immigrants, so that those who had acquired property by their labor should make room in the employment market for fresh arrivals. Otherwise, when once that market was fully supplied with labor, so great a stream of Irish emigration as we are anticipating must come to a stop, or be materially decreased. Now, the making of room for the fresh

arrivals of poor emigrants could only be accomplished by promoting the settlement on the land of the first comers, who had acquired some capital by working for wages. The question then arises, by what means could Irish Roman Catholic settlement in Canada be most effectually promoted? This question is so important as to deserve particular examination.

It is a curious but indisputable fact, that the Irish, who at home seem to have a passionate desire for the occupation of land, do not, speaking generally, settle upon land when they emigrate to America. For the most part, on the contrary, they reside in or near towns, and follow occupations not agricultural. Their position in the social system of America is very much like that of the Irish laboring class who inhabit London or Lancashire. In England, it is true, many circumstances conspire, along with the English poor-law, to prevent the Irish from indulging their strong inclination to occupy land. In the United States, where any industrious man may infallibly possess land if he wishes to possess it, very different causes have a similar effect. The whole effect, indeed, seems to be produced by two causes. In the first place, the alien religion and nationality of the Irish in the United States expose them to annoyances and wrongs when living scattered in the country, from which they are, to a certain extent, preserved by congregating in towns; and, secondly, in the towns their congregation enables them to enjoy the observances of their religion; whereas if they were scattered in the country this great comfort would be unattainable by most of them. But why, it may be asked, do they not settle on the land in large bodies—not scattered, but together—so as to enjoy society without mixing with the native Americans, and so as to provide for religious observances with the same facility as if they were congregated in a town? This question has frequently been asked by English travellers in America. Its solution is to be found in no American circumstances, but in a peculiarity of the Irish in Ireland. For a body of men to settle happily upon land in America, it is requisite that they should have natural leaders, and the social organization and self-reliance which the possession of natural leaders implies; but, as we have remarked before, the Roman Catholic Irish are, speaking generally, a people of one order: they emigrate unaccompanied by gentry or capitalists of their own religion and race; and their church (we mean a church composed of Irish Roman Catholic clergy) is not strong or rich enough in America to supply the want of secular leaders. In Canada, the religious obstacles to scattered settlement by the Irish is as effectual as in the United States; the gregarious disposition of Irish immigrants is the same; and settlement in bodies is impeded by similar wants and incapacities. It is impossible to supply these wants and incapacities except by what may be termed artificial means. No power could at once supply Irish immigrants with natural leaders who help to constitute a self-relying community; but it is possible to bestow upon bodies of Irish settlers in Canada the supporting and civilizing aid of their own church government, and some other aids which, in conjunction with that of the church, would have the desired effect. Irish settlement in Canada requires, in a word, a kind of parental care. What the immigrants cannot do for themselves, must be done for them. Alone and unaided, they can do but little that requires much forethought or the aid of capital. They can work; no people can

work harder: but they cannot combine their labor in order to divide their employments; and therefore their settlements in Canada are apt, to say the least, to be singularly deficient in such absolute requisites of comfortable and prosperous settlement as require combination of labor and division of employments—for example, main drainage, roads, a mill, a store, a blacksmith's shop. Nay, frequently so heedless are the emigrants, as to settle on land without a title; and though nothing is more easily obtained in Canada than land with a good title, yet the providing of land for settlement is a task which unaided bodies of Irish emigrants would be at a loss to perform. If Irish settlement is to be largely promoted in Canada, the land, as well as the church, the clergyman, drainage and roads, the mill, the store, the blacksmith's shop, the school, must be furnished by some providence, some organization, some exertions, not those of the bulk of the settlers. These things may be termed aids of settlement; and to furnish these fully and extensively—above all, to secure the most ample and complete provision for the Irish Roman Catholic church—is the most important feature of our plan. We conceive that such settlements might, by wise and beneficial administration, be made *nuclei* of nationality, centres of attraction for the Roman Catholic Irish, not only from Ireland, but from England, Scotland, and the United States, to a country which would present inducements, opportunities, and social advantages, hitherto altogether out of their reach.

The introduction of British capital into Canada, as a means of enriching the colony and increasing employment for Irish emigrants, would be brought about, we conceive, without any cost to the state; but the above-mentioned aids of settlement would not be provided by private enterprise; and therefore a direct outlay on the part of the state is required for them. Irish settlement, to use a common expression, does not "pay" in Canada. It has been frequently tried as a speculation, and, we are assured, invariably without success. The principal cause of failure appears to be the poverty and helplessness of the people; another cause is the difficulty, in a part of the world where land is so very cheap, of recovering with profit, except under very peculiar and favorable circumstances of position, an outlay upon settlement, by means of a sufficient increase in the market value of the land settled. But to whatever the circumstances may be attributable, it is certain that capitalists will not embark in this kind of undertaking. Wherefore, it may be said, neither ought the state to embark in it. But in reply to this objection, we must observe, that although commercial speculation is not a proper function of the state, the taking care of its people assuredly is. The question of cost to the state, therefore, is one of political expediency—we had almost said, necessity. Either in Ireland or somewhere else the state must incur a heavy outlay in consequence of the state of Ireland. The question, then, is, which of the two would be the less costly and the more effectual—expenditure in Ireland, or expenditure on Irish colonization in Canada? That expenditure in Canada would be the more effectual there cannot be the slightest doubt; for expenditure in Ireland will have no effect in diminishing numbers—none but a bad effect, perhaps, except the saving of lives; whereas expenditure on Irish settlement in Canada, in aid of Irish colonization, would be a cost once incurred, and, if its amount were sufficient, would put an end to the expenditure in Ireland. The real question, then, is

a comparison between the requisite amount of expenditure in Canada, and the inevitable amount of expenditure in Ireland: and our own view of the case is, that the effectual expenditure in Canada might be kept within such limits as to be less than the ineffectual expenditure in Ireland. We are willing that the whole plan should be judged with a view to its operation as a saving of the public money. We have therefore taken pains to provide securities for the effective outlay of money advanced by the state in aid of Irish settlement. There is one provision for this purpose which appears to be amply sufficient, namely, the adoption of the principle that the money shall be payable only in proportion to value received; and that if the experiment prove wholly or in part unsuccessful, precisely in the same ratio shall its cost be reduced. The mode of giving effect to this principle will be stated presently.

We also think that it would be necessary for the imperial government to assist in defraying the cost of passage for poor emigrants. The source from which funds for this purpose are principally derived is remittance from America to Ireland by emigrants who have saved money, and who thus aid their friends and relatives at home in following their example. The discovery of the large amount of such remittances has only just been made by the British public and government; so little, under ordinary circumstances, do the British government and public know of the state of Irish emigrants in America, and of their sympathies and intercourse with the Irish at home. But large as the sum is—unusually great as it will be this year—its limits are sure to be too narrow for so great an emigration as would make a sensible impression on the population of Ireland. We look, therefore, to a further outlay by the government in the shape of passage-money for emigrants. We are of opinion, however, that care should be taken to prevent this outlay of the government from having the effect of diminishing outlay by individuals on the same object; for it is obvious that without such precaution, the emigrating class would be disposed to rely too much on the government for defraying the cost of their passage. We are in hopes of being able to suggest, among the details of our plan, a mode of proceeding in this respect which would have the effect of augmenting instead of decreasing the fund for emigration derived from private sources.

But before stating those details, we have yet to invite your lordship's attention to a question of great moment. Supposing the general principles of the plan to be approved, what is the machinery by which they might best be carried into effect? The business to be done would be extensive and multifarious. It would consist of raising money in this country to be lent to the district councils of Canada—undertaking works in the colony—procuring land for settlements—providing the aids of settlement before enumerated—managing the contributions to the fund for passage-money—and generally whatever should need to be done, whether in Canada or in Ireland, with a view to the smooth and efficient working of the whole plan. The successful conduct of so great and varied a business would require much caution and judgment, earnest attention, incessant watchfulness, and indefatigable perseverance; it would be, in a great measure, a business, not of routine, which anybody might be taught to conduct, but of moral sympathies and influences, which men of a peculiar aptitude could alone comprehend. It is obviously a business the

management of which ought to be confided to special hands; that is, to persons not otherwise engaged, and specially responsible. There is no department of the government which could add such a business to its present functions with the least chance of doing it well. A special commission for the purpose would be indispensable if it were determined to employ an official machinery of execution. But there appear to be many reasons for concluding that the wisest course in this instance would be to employ the old and most successful instrument of English colonization. Official management has never colonized very successfully. Nearly all the very successful colonial enterprises of this nation have been managed by companies. A company can do some things which must be done as the means of successful colonization, but which the executive part of a representative government cannot do: it can choose its servants with an exclusive regard to their fitness, and it can make their tenure of employment dependent, not merely on good conduct in the sense of good intentions, integrity, and zeal, but on capacity as tested by the success or failure of their labors. And there is another class of things which the directors of a company can do, but which the members of a public office are not expected to do. In colonizing well, there must be a familiar and friendly intercourse between the managers and persons of every rank; and the greater part of the business consists of innumerable petty details. Now, whatever the personal rank of the directors of a company, notions of dignity do not stand in the way of their familiar and friendly intercourse with persons of all ranks who may have business to transact with them; and no detail is too insignificant to obtain their personal attention. Yet the directors may be men of higher private station than the public servants. Their superiority in respect of unfastidious earnestness is explained by referring to their peculiar motives. Their individual interest as proprietors of the company is concerned in the achievement of success; and they are responsible to the body of proprietors, whose chief thought is about the dividend and the value of the joint stock. Provided, therefore, that the charter of a company identify the pecuniary interest of the shareholders with the accomplishment of the objects of the government, the company, as an agent or instrument of the state, is, in fact, rewarded or punished, as its own servants may be, according to success or failure in managing the work. With a company as the manager, the principle of "no cure no pay" may be adopted by the government. Undoubtedly, it is most expedient that a company engaged in business of a public nature should have its functions very clearly defined by the legislature; should be subject to general rules laid down by parliament; should be liable to the recall of its powers in case of misconduct; and should be under that sort of general control by the executive government which an official department can exert with effect. But, supposing all such precautions taken by the legislature in the act or charter by which the company is incorporated, we cannot help thinking that in colonizing, more than in any other class of public business, it is wise to prefer the course which all experience suggests.

We therefore suggest that a company should be formed, which might be called the Irish Canada Company, and which should have a subscribed capital of large amount.

The company should be authorized to borrow money for the purposes of its incorporation, on the

security of its subscribed capital and other property.

The company should be authorized by its acts of incorporation to lend money to the district councils or other public bodies in Canada, at such rate of interest as might be agreed upon between the parties.

The company should be authorized to undertake public works in Canada, and to purchase land at a valuation for the purpose of such works, as well as other land in the neighborhood thereof, with a view to the replacement of its capital with profit by means of an increase of the value of such other land occasioned by the public works; but the company should not have the power to make such purchases without the special consent of the provincial government in each case.

The company should be authorized to provide the aids of settlement before enumerated; and its remuneration for the outlay and trouble incurred should be fixed at the rate of so much for each emigrant. Let it be supposed that this rate were £5 for each emigrant. For such remuneration, the company would provide these aids in every settlement, and each of them in such proportion as should be required for the particular case. For it must be borne in mind, that a uniform supply of these aids in all the settlements would be excessive in some cases and inadequate in others. In some cases, for example, the main-drainage and the road-making might be already more or less accomplished; or a miller and storekeeper might establish themselves without any exertion or expenditure by the company: in other cases it might be necessary to spend more than £5 for each emigrant in affording these particular aids. There would be such a variety in the amount of unsupplied wants in the settlements, that it is impossible to determine any amount which would apply to all. The only safe course would be to strike an average; to determine a sum which should be deemed fair and reasonable as the cost of fixing Irish emigrants in comfortable settlement in Canada, by means of all or any of the aids mentioned, and even by other means, if more efficient means should be suggested in working out the scheme. On the assumption that a rate of payment had been agreed upon, the company would advance the whole amount and manage the outlay. But it is not proposed that the company should be entitled to repayment on proof of outlay; for proof of outlay would not be a test of satisfactory settlement. The money might all be spent according to agreement, and yet a settlement be destroyed or deburred from success by the injudicious choice of its site, or by some other fault of detail. It is therefore proposed, on the contrary, that proof of outlay be of no weight; but that payment shall be due so soon as, and not in any circumstances unless, the governor-general, as an imperial officer independently of his office as head of the provincial executive, shall certify that the objects of the imperial government have been fully accomplished. The company would receive payment in respect of these emigrants only, and would lose any expenditure incurred by injudicious or unsuccessful colonization. As soon as the whole process should be complete, and the poor Irishman should have been transformed into a prosperous colonist, then, and then only, would the state be called upon to contribute its quota towards the result by which it would have been so large a gainer. In this, as in other branches of the plan, we have had in view to place at the disposal of government, in the form of agency, the incentive of a strong private interest

in success constantly operating on the agent. It would be with the view of obtaining the greatest possible amount of pecuniary return that the company would set in motion all those subordinate instruments and agencies, direct and indirect, which private enterprise alone is capable of employing with effect. The company would naturally use every effort to increase emigration, to stimulate the investment of capital by offering it on reasonable terms, to enlarge the field of employment by undertaking public works, to give such wages as would enable the laborers to go as soon as possible upon land, and, above all, make its settlements both morally and materially so attractive as to exhibit in the greatest possible numbers those civilized and prosperous settlers whose existence would be the condition of its own gain.

If the principle of our proposal were adopted, it would be necessary, of course, to provide stringent precautions, lest, on the one hand, the state should be called upon to pay for other emigrants than those actually removed from Ireland and settled in Canada through the instrumentality of the company; and lest, on the other hand, the company should be deprived of its due by the neglect or injustice of the government officer. These, however, are matters for supplementary negotiation, which would not stand in the way for a moment if both the parties to the negotiation were *bonâ fide* anxious that it should be brought to a successful conclusion upon equitable terms.

It must be evident to your lordship that the precise sum to be paid per head must also be a matter of negotiation between the government and the capitalists, and that its amount must depend in a great measure upon the state of the money-market, and the prospects which other investments hold out, at the time when the arrangement is made. It may be that a sum greater, or it may be that a sum less than five pounds will be required, in order to attract a sufficient amount of capital into Canada to answer the purpose required. In short, it will be necessary for the state to make such an outlay as will insure that the principle, if adopted, shall be thoroughly and effectually worked out.

With respect to loans advanced by the company to the district councils of Canada or other public bodies in the colony, for public purposes of improvement, with the sanction in each case of the provincial and imperial governments, the two governments, the provincial first and then the imperial, should guarantee, in case of failure in the payment of interest by the borrowers, a rate of interest considerably below the market rate at the time of making any such loan.

With respect to sums expended by the company in providing aids of settlement, a guarantee of even a low rate of interest would of course be contrary to the principle of "no cure no pay," on which the mode of payment to the company in that case is strictly founded. And, indeed, we must remark, that in the other cases the principle would not be contravened, but only modified. The low rate of interest guaranteed at all events would be merely a security against total loss from circumstances out of the control of the company: it would not be sufficient to deprive the company of a very strong pecuniary interest in advancing and embarking its money only on securities of ample value, and only in works of a profitable character. It would but just induce the company so to invest its capital at all, leaving it with every motive of private interest for taking care to make such prudent and profitable

investments, as respects the value of securities and the profit of works, as would spare the provincial, and therefore the imperial government, from ever being required to fulfil the guarantee of interest.

With respect to the cost of the passage to America, we are of opinion that it ought to be defrayed partly from private sources and partly from government aid. We suggest that whenever the company should have made it apparent to the satisfaction of the government that they had produced or ascertained the existence of a demand for a certain number of laborers, and that they were ready, on the part of the laborers, their friends, their landlords, or from any other source, to provide two thirds of the funds necessary for their passage, the government should provide the remaining third; and if at any time it should appear to the government that emigration were proceeding at too rapid a rate as compared with the absorption of labor in America, they could at once put a check on it by withholding the government contribution. It would, however, clearly be the interest of the company to discourage any really superfluous emigration, which would only embarrass their operations, and, by interfering with the wages of labor, prevent the accumulation of capital by laborers, and consequently their settlement upon land.

We conceive that it would not be difficult to make arrangements whereby this contribution of one third by the government should operate as an encouragement to providing funds for emigration, by giving to those, individually, who contributed two thirds, the advantage of the one third in the shape of as much more emigration as it would pay for. Thus an intending emigrant in Ireland would be the more induced to save £10 towards the passage-money of his family, if he knew that the government would increase it to £15; thus a landlord, knowing that he could turn £1,000 of emigration money into £1,500 for that purpose, would the more be induced to provide the £1,000; thus an emigrant in Canada, wishing to assist his relatives or friends to emigrate, would be the more induced to provide passage-money for two of them, if he could thereby insure the emigration of three. The arrangements for placing funds thus contributed by individuals and the government at the disposal of the individual contributors for the purpose of emigration to Canada, and no other purpose, are matter of too minute detail to be properly stated here.

Supposing the powers, functions, rights, and obligations of the company to be determined by act of parliament, they would rest on the strong foundation of imperial sanction, inasmuch as the provincial parliament is precluded by the fundamental law of the colony (the act of the union of the provinces) from interfering with imperial legislation. The law relating to the company would be unrepeatable and unalterable by any authority save that of parliament.

Inasmuch, however, as the colony would assuredly take deep offence at imperial legislation relating so largely to its internal affairs, if its consent were not first obtained, the proposed act should be declared to be of no effect until after its formal adoption by the provincial parliament. The act itself should reserve to the colony an absolute option of rejection or adoption. If it were rejected by the colony, it should thereby become null and void, as if it had never been passed; if adopted, this legislation by the colony might be in terms expressly acknowledging an intention to give to the

act within the province the force of imperial law. By this course, the colony, besides incurring a constitutional obligation to respect the law, would emphatically pledge its honor to the same effect.

Before we conclude, your lordship will naturally expect that we should give some intimation of the extent to which we contemplate that emigration may possibly proceed under the system which we advocate; of the cost to which, if it should do so, the government would be liable; and of the means by which we propose that the cost should be defrayed.

With respect to the first of these points, we have no hesitation in saying that, in our opinion, little real and permanent good would accrue to Ireland, unless, in the course of the next three or four years, two millions of people proceeded to the new Ireland in Canada. We do not, however, contemplate that the whole of this emigration should be carried on through the instrumentality of the company and by the assistance of government. On the contrary, if our plan developed itself as successfully as we confidently hope might be the case, we should anticipate that, parallel with the emigration which we have been considering, would flow a considerable stream, composed of persons possessing means of their own, (such persons as constitute, unfortunately, a most disproportionately large share of the present emigration,) attracted, as they would no doubt be, by the new and vigorous Irish nationality which they would see growing up in British America, by the constantly increasing field of employment which the increase of population in that country would afford, and by the great advantages which they would there enjoy as regards the support and position of their church. Again, if under the influence of the same inducements, as is highly probable, any large proportion of the Irish Roman Catholics now employed in Great Britain and the United States should proceed to settle on land in Canada, and to invest there the earnings of their labor, they would thus create an opening in the labor market of those countries, which would naturally be filled up, as heretofore, in great part by Irishmen, anxious to go through a similar process of working and saving, with a view to a similar result, namely, settling upon land. Thus a most healthy and desirable emigration of an independent nature would be indirectly produced by our plan, without entailing any cost upon government. After all deductions made, however, we cannot calculate that less than three fourths of the amount of emigration which we have supposed—that is, less than 1,500,000 persons—should be assisted by government to emigrate. Now, supposing that, as before stated, £5 per head were the sum agreed upon to be paid by government for aids of settlement, and supposing that £1 per head were given by government in aid of passage-money, (being one third of the probable average cost of passage,) the sum required on the whole would be about £9,000,000, or £3,000,000 annually; of which £7,500,000 would be laid out in Canada on aids of settlement, and the remainder as passage-money.

In order to meet this expenditure, we propose that a property and income-tax should be imposed on Ireland of such an amount as would discharge the interest of the debt so incurred, and provide a sinking-fund for the repayment of the principal. For example, if it were necessary to raise in the first year £3,000,000, and if the loan could be obtained at 3½ per cent., a property and income tax of 1 per cent. might be imposed; which would, accord-

ing to the analogy of the British and Irish contributions to indirect taxation, produce about the sum (£195,000) which would be required to pay 6¼ per cent. on the loan; that is, to pay it off in twenty-two years. In the next year, and the year after, a loan of similar amount would involve a similar imposition: and thus, in the three years over which we have supposed the operation of the government emigration to extend, Irish taxation would be raised, in this respect, to a level with that of Great Britain, in a manner and for a purpose which would render the burden comparatively light to Ireland, (where it would be felt to be a substitute for an overwhelming, yet insufficient, poor-rate,) while it would greatly advance the general interests of the empire at large.

There are some topics which, though a notice of them would be essential to the completeness of the plan, have been purposely omitted, in order that we might not overload this exposition of our views with statements which are not essential to the comprehension of it. We are conscious, moreover, that the plan, as here set forth in its general features, is susceptible of improvement by modification and addition. Nor do we ask your lordship to adopt the plan without further investigation. We submit it to you, on the contrary, with an earnest request that you will carefully examine it. That if you should think the subject at all deserving your attention, you will do this, not in a hostile spirit seeking for objections, but with a wish that inquiry may lead your judgment to concur with ours, we have the most entire reliance; because we are sure that you must already feel with us the urgent necessity of making some adequate provision of one sort or another against the state of things which at present threatens to exist in Ireland next year and the year after next.

At the same time, we are too well aware of the numerous and pressing calls upon your lordship's time, to expect that you should be induced to undertake the labor of investigating by yourself the great variety of points involved in our plan. This we know to be impossible; but we are desirous that our views should be subjected to examination by persons in whose ability and judgment you place confidence; and we believe that any competent commission of inquiry might report upon the whole matter in time to enable the government and parliament to act during the present session. We need not suggest to your lordship the vast importance of saving a year.

We have the honor to be, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient servants.

23d March, 1847.

DESPERATE REMEDIES.—There are large tracts of country in Ireland—whole counties—which we should recommend the legislative government to seize upon for a period of twenty or thirty years, paying to the proprietors such rent as sworn valuers, taking the certainty of punctual payment into account, might determine upon. Of these districts military possession should be taken. The population should be subjected to a discipline analogous to the military; their labor being to a considerable extent compulsory, and their reward being in proportion to the diligence with which they should contribute voluntary labor in addition to that which was compulsory. Cleanliness should be made compulsory, as with soldiers. Marriages should be subjected to conditions and circumstances, as with sol-

diers. In short, these unruly and beggarly districts should be formed into great armies to subdue the earth and to till it—to make a garden of the land, and to live comfortably and decently upon its produce. As to the capability of the land, under strict and careful management, to feed all the people well and to pay rent besides, we have not the slightest doubt upon the subject. But a crowd of people, of whom indolence, cunning, dirt, and despair, are the prominent characteristics, will never get the good out of the land till they are compelled to it. Once establish discipline, and the Irish will get on very well. Establish it and keep it established for twenty or thirty years, and then, perhaps, habits being formed, we may trust the Irish with liberties, and franchises, and the privilege of taking care of themselves.—*Morning Post*, March 31.

OFFICIAL RETURN OF EMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, DURING THE LAST TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

From the Colonial Circular, issued by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, March, 1847.

Years.	North American Colonies.	United States.	Australian Colonies and New Zealand.	All other Places.	Total.
1825	8,741	5,551	485	114	14,891
1826	12,818	7,063	903	116	20,900
1827	12,648	14,526	715	114	28,003
1828	12,084	12,817	1,056	135	26,092
1829	13,307	15,678	2,016	197	31,198
1830	30,574	24,887	1,242	204	56,907
1831	58,067	23,418	1,561	114	83,160
1832	66,339	32,872	3,733	196	103,140
1833	28,808	29,109	4,093	517	62,527
1834	40,060	33,074	2,800	288	76,222
1835	15,573	26,720	1,860	325	44,478
1836	34,226	37,774	3,124	293	75,417
1837	29,884	36,770	5,054	326	72,034
1838	4,577	14,332	14,021	292	33,222
1839	12,658	33,536	15,786	227	62,207
1840	32,293	40,642	15,850	1,958	90,743
1841	38,164	45,017	32,625	2,786	118,592
1842	54,123	63,852	8,534	1,835	128,344
1843	23,518	28,335	3,478	1,881	57,212
1844	22,924	43,660	2,229	1,873	70,686
1845	31,803	58,538	830	2,330	93,501
1846	43,439	82,239	2,347	1,826	129,851
Total	626,628	710,410	124,342	17,917	1,479,327

Average annual emigration from the United Kingdom for the last twenty-two years, 67,242.

It affords us sincere pleasure to give publicity to the following despatch from Lord Palmerston to Mr. Pakenham, (a copy of which was communicated by the latter to Mr. Buchanan,) conveying the thanks of the British government, and the British nation, to the citizens of the United States, for their liberal contributions to relieve the sufferings of the Irish people. The sentiments contained in this despatch do honor to his lordship, and prove that he possesses a warm Irish heart. They will, in his own emphatic language, "tend to draw closer, and to render stronger and more lasting, those ties of friendship and mutual esteem," which now so happily bind the kindred nations together; a consummation calculated to promote the highest interests of both countries, and to extend the blessings of liberty and law over the whole earth.—*Union*.

Foreign Office, March 31, 1847.

Sir: I have received your despatch, No. 8, of the 12th ult., stating that measures have been taken for the purpose of raising a subscription in the United States for the relief of the destitute Irish poor.

And I have to instruct you to take every opportunity of saying how grateful her majesty's government, and the British nation at large, feel for this kind and honorable manifestation of sympathy by the citizens of the United States for the sufferings of the Irish people. It might, indeed, have been expected, that a generous and high-minded nation would deeply commiserate the sufferings which an awful visitation of Providence has inflicted upon so large a population, descended from the same ancestors as themselves. But the active and energetic assistance which the people of the United States are thus affording to the poor Irish, while it reflects the highest honor upon our transatlantic brethren, must tend to draw closer, and to render stronger and more lasting, those ties of friendship and mutual esteem, which her majesty's government trusts will long continue to exist between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family—separated, indeed, from each other by geographical position, but united together by common interests, to which every succeeding year must add increasing extension and force.

I am, &c.,

PALMERSTON.

To the Right Hon. Richard Pakenham, &c. &c.

MODERN LUXURY IN PARIS.—A correspondent of the "Times" makes some curious communications on the luxury and expensive habits which at present prevail in Paris. He says:—"This is truly the age of luxury in Paris. In furniture, horses, carriages, people are incredibly expensive. In play and private extravagance fortunes are daily swept away. No young or old man can pretend to celebrity without a very little hat, a cigar eternally in his mouth, an apartment crowded to embarrassment with awkward, inconvenient, ugly, ancient (or imitation) furniture, procured at marvellous prices; English horses sixteen hands high—carriages touching the ground—a groom of the smallest possible dimensions—a reputation for gallantry, which consists in being admitted to the smoking, champagne-drinking, and gaming *soirées* of the shortest and plainest, and least *distinguées* women in Europe. The records of the tribunals have lately disclosed some of the secrets of the private *soirées* of the *Lionnes*; and at an auctioneer's catalogue of a sale which took place last week, £1,500 sterling was the price of the chimney and other brazen and china ornaments of a lady's little *entresol*. This sale was of the effects of a young person, (twenty-three years of age,) who died a short time since, and which occupied four days. Her sister, the wife of a poor weaver, demanded the property as sole heiress. There were as many *bijour* in gold and ornamented with precious stones as would set up a jeweller handsomely in the trade, and more than half a hundredweight of plate and silver gilt. The rooms were impassable from the accumulation of furniture in buhl, marqueterie, and inlaid rosewood. The carpeting was an inch thick. The *chancellière* in which the owner placed her feet, when in her carriage, to protect them from the cold, was lined with real ermine! In her wardrobe forty gowns were found. Laces, laced and embroidered dresses, silks, satins, velvets, furs, all of the costliest kind, and all in exquisite taste."

From the Spectator.

HOOD'S POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

In point of substance, Thomas Hood might be but slight, and his power of evolving by incidents a story he had got hold of was limited enough; but his fertility in illustrating a topic by bringing together from far and near all that had a relation to the original theme was as unrivalled as the felicity with which he did it. He suspended canons and proverbs touching overdoing, and "nequid nimis," and "esto brevis." Elaboration with him was not exhaustion, but a chase, where interest was kept up by surprise and wonder; and the idea, as poor perhaps in intrinsic value as a fox, was run to death amid the cheers of the field. Cant of all kinds was Hood's aversion, and he hit it hard whenever it came in his way; yet was his nature so void of gall, and the genial feelings so evidently prompted his attacks, that a saint must be more flinty than saints *should* be, not to have delighted in his sallies. Hood had also poetical power of a high kind: from some peculiarities of mind he could not use it to its full extent in the loftier styles of poetry, but it gave him great advantage in burlesque and satirical parody. His ridicule of the Byronic and Germanic schools not only exhibited the exaggeration of their gloom and mystery, and their lack of matter, but his pictures rivalled theirs in their own way. Save for a word of mockery here and there, his parody might have been taken for a genuine outburst of poetical misanthropy, till he pierced the bladder at the close of a part, and showed that the bigness was all turgidity or verbosity. In command of language, he excelled most of the originals he ridiculed. We do not mean mere verbal readiness, which his punning habits might give; but a complete power of expression and a thorough mastery of metre. How much of mingled force and felicity is there in this opening of "The Forge; a Romance of the Iron Age."

"Like a dead man gone to his shroud,
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,
And the wind is rising squally and loud,

With many a stormy token;
Playing a wild funereal air,
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,
To the dead leaves dancing here and there:

In short, if the truth were spoken,
It's an ugly night for anywhere,
But an awful one for the Brocken!

For oh! to stop
On that mountain-top,
After the dews of evening drop,
Is always a dreary frolic:

Then what must it be when nature groans,
And the very mountain murmurs and moans
As if it writhed with the colic:

With other strange supernatural tones,
From wood and water and echoing stones,
Not to forget unburied bones—

In a region so diabolic!

However, it's quite
As wild a night

As ever was known on that sinister height,
Since the demon-dance was morriced.

The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,
And the blast through the pines is howling and growling,

As if a thousand wolves were prowling
About in the old Black Forest!

Madly, sadly, the tempest raves
Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,
And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,
Like the billows that roar
On a gusty shore
Mourning over the mariners' graves;
Nay, more like a frantic lamentation
From a howling set
Of demons met
To wake a dead relation."

Of Hood's "wit" there cannot be a question. It was not of the deepest or the most penetrating kind; but in the power of amusing it stood alone. There is high authority, and, what is better, general consent, for saying that the wit of Butler fatigues. Such is not the case with that of Hood; but this remark must be qualified by the fact that we are not contemporary with *Hudibras*. Hood may become what Butler is, and in less time; though he draws his illustrations from less recondite sources, and is consequently more readily understood. The poems in this volume are rightly characterized as of "wit." We have doubts as to the "humor." Hood does not raise laughter from anything inherent in his subject, or at least he does so rarely. He succeeds not by character but contrast. Generally the effect is produced by burlesque, by the pleasure arising from the contrast between the apparent and the real meanings. Sometimes it is verbal; for though Hood's puns are not of a common character, and often go much deeper than mere verbal resemblances, the felicitous contrast between the resembling words and the opposite meanings is at bottom the source of the ludicrous effect. Not unfrequently, however, the elements of his subjects are serious, if not tragic. It is *levity* rather than humor that points the joke, and contrast is in some way still at the bottom of the effect. "The Sea-Spell," a story of a boatman who rashly goes to sea confiding in a child's caul, is in its own nature serious, and is seriously treated by Hood, with the exception of an occasional joke and the closing pun.

"The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smothered by the squall;
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul*."

The levity we speak of did not arise from indifference. Hood had pathetic feelings, and pathos may be found in his serious poems; but rarely, we think, sustained without admixture. He was a kind of struggle, such as is sometimes said to occur with an actor when liking and disposition leads a man to tragedy, but some secret powers of face and fortune, with unconscious faculties for the ludicrous, impel him to broad comedy: a mixture which is probably advantageous; the hidden tragic sense restraining from the vulgarity and buffoonery of the low comic, whilst it heightens and adds zest to grave burlesque.

We had intended to touch upon the characteristics of the principal poems in the volume, and illustrate our positions by detailed examples; but in poor Hood's own language, "parliamentary jabber and jaw," with the "season" claims that follow in the wake of parliament-men, compel us to stop, and send the reader to the book itself. We trust that the pension which so soon dropped from Mrs. Hood may yet be continued to her children, though the chill reserve of the premier could not make a promise—which by the by, in the case of a com-

mission, or a benefice, or some trumpery "honor," or in any matter where some good family "interest," and not the claim of art and letters, was concerned, would have been made at once. But the future must be waited for; and the purchaser of *Poems of Wit and Humor* by Thomas Hood will not only purchase a fund of amusement for himself, but may contribute something, however little, to supply the lapse of the pension till pension-time arrives.

From the Examiner.

Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden. From original Sources. By JOHN HILL BURTON, Advocate, Author of "The Life of David Hume."

WE have had occasion to speak highly of Mr. Burton's talents for biography. He writes in a solid, well-informed, scholarly style; is intimately versed in the subjects he takes up; and his knowledge, which is minute and various, extends to motives and character. The defect of his manner is a certain coldness. There are readers who will lay down this volume discontentedly. You could not, they will say, make us sympathize with this crafty, treacherous, villainous, brave old man; but why not make us hate him somewhat more? The result is a kind of calm dislike, in which the man shares with his age and influences. But this, in the particular case, is not an unjust or unwise conclusion. Mr. Burton is writing history, not romance. Celtic society and Highland chieftainship, viewed dispassionately, must not hope to have their vices forgotten in their poetry. Lovat would in any case, it is probable, have been a bad, unscrupulous man; but he had undeniably great qualities, and to these a better state of society would have given freer play. Measure him by the friend who stands beside him in the book, and this is manifest. Duncan Forbes is an admirable antidote to Simon Fraser; and the notion of blending their biographies was a happy one.

The leading incidents in Lovat's career are startling, even in the driest detail. As described by Mr. Burton, with the advantage of original resources to which no one has had access, they illustrate the history of the time as impressively as the character of the man. Simon Fraser was not born to the peerage of Lovat, but fought his way to it through all the tricks of fraud and force which were still held not incompatible with high descent and a noble name. He had left King's college, Aberdeen, an excellent classical scholar, to serve with a regiment raised for William; but his restless ambition brought him back among his clan, and it was not thought to disqualify him for subsequent intermarriage with the great race of Argyle, that, in his brutal resolve to force from out of his own way to the succession the last female representative of the direct Lovat line, he had vainly attempted violence on herself, and actually committed it on her mother. Before William's death he had grasped the peerage; had in his mountain fastnesses fought clan battles, and insolently defied the high court of justiciary; had been intercommuned; had been even sentenced to death; yet had secured and strengthened his friendly alliance with the Argyles, and was still able to cope with the powerful enmity of the Atholes. But the latter became too strong for him on the accession of Anne. He fled to France, became popular with the court of St. Germain's, and came back with a colonel's commission and the authority of agent from

the old pretender—to betray him to Hanover. Subsequently he went back, to betray Hanover to St. Germain's; but even the "lean old rivalled bully" who reigned in that faded court, was now able to fathom his treachery, and he received a lodging in the bastille. Relying with reason on his *Tartuffe* accomplishments, he here became a priest; and after his release lived some time under a strict surveillance, from which a trusty and resolute clansman, commissioned by his people, at last arrived to effect his escape. He succeeded in time to enable Lovat to arm the Frasers for George I., in 1715. For several years he now basked in government favor, had his title and estates secured to him, got his rents without military execution, was the fast friend of such men as the amiable and honest Forbes, and became sheriff of Invernesshire. Then came the outbreak of '45, and his inability to resist the tempting bait of a dukedom. He sent his son and his clan to join the chevalier, while to the government he was sending assurances of unabated zeal in the Hanoverian cause, and horror at his son's desertion of it. But the end was drawing near. A few months saw him a proscribed and hunted traitor. As his followers bore him on their shoulders to his last retreat—being then nearly eighty years old and a martyr to the gout—he saw the castle of his ancestors in flames. He was found in a hollow tree, taken to London, painted by Hogarth, tried in Westminster Hall, and beheaded on Tower Hill. And, assuredly, nothing in his life became him like the easy cheerfulness with which he died.

The skeleton of his friend Forbes' life may be put together with yet greater brevity. He was of ancient Invernesshire family, and received a lawyer's education in Edinburgh. His first public effort was an unavailing one to intercede for several victims of a popular clamor against piracy, whom he believed to be innocent of the crime alleged against them, but whose innocence was not established until a few months after their deaths upon the scaffold. He then went to study at Leyden, and after a year's absence returned to practise as an advocate, and, in the troubled years which succeeded, to give distinguished support to the government in a less peaceful character. His qualities were a happy compound of the genial and the grave. His honesty and steadiness of purpose had the accompaniments (very rare at the time he lived) of tolerance and gentleness. Inverness burghs sent him to parliament, and he was appointed lord advocate. He held the office during the Porteous riots, and at the rebellion of '45; in both, doing noble and ill-rewarded service to the government. He died a few months after Lovat; his son's richest legacy being the remembrance and incentive of his virtues and example.

Such is the contrast presented in this interesting volume; a contrast, Mr. Burton justly says, not less decisive than that of Judge Jeffreys and Sir Samuel Romilly; yet of which it is also to be said that it marks not only opposite qualities of character, but opposite influences of society. Even Forbes would hardly have been so steady a lord advocate if called to practise in the fastnesses of Stratherrick!

"Few of the Stratherrick men would sit down to mutton that had not been the produce of their own industry—as captors, not as shepherds. All the arts of peaceful industry were held in very small repute beyond the Grampians. To steal even vestments was considerably more creditable than to make them; and the Gaelic language has a form of phraseology which marks the contempt of the peo-

ple for those who ministered to domestic comfort, by accompanying a reference to them with a sort of apology for the disgusting character of the subject, thus: 'By your leave—a weaver.' 'Saving your presence—a tailor.'"

These touches give truth and vitality to both memoirs. Mr. Burton thoroughly knows the people of whom he speaks throughout both; is as familiar with the savage wilds as with the civilized streets of Scotland; and discerns alike what was wanting to their indwellers, or was too powerful over them. It is the kind of knowledge which raises up men—and not a mere abstraction of the qualities or pursuits of men—at the bidding of a biographer.

There was, in the best form of the Scottish society of those days, a kind of moderation which even a Forbes was not to be expected to practise:

"The types of true hospitality in a Scottish farmer's house of old, were said to be an anker of whiskey always on the spiggot, a boiler with perpetual hot water, and a cask of sugar with a spade in it. Culoden's hospitalities were of a more aristocratic order, and the custom of the house was to prize off the top of each successive cask of claret, and place it in the corner of the hall to be emptied in pailfuls. The massive hall table which bore so many carouses, is still preserved as a venerated relic, and the deep saturation it has received from old libations of claret, prevent one from distinguishing the description of wood of which it was constructed. When Duncan was in the north, he appears generally to have lived at Bunchrew, and besides his participation in the jovialities of Culoden, he had occasional hospitalities to distribute in a peculiar circle of his own. Examining an old account, one of many which lie among more valuable papers, the items of several charges for claret bought in individual dozens, some at 16s. and some at 18s., show a sum of 40*l.* spent in this manner in the course of a month.

"In estimating the character of any man, we must measure it by the habits of his age. Temperance was not one of the virtues of that period. It was not associated with particular moral or religious opinions; and the younger John Forbes, who inherited the serious principles of his family, we find not ashamed, in writing to Sir Andrew Mitchell, to make in all seriousness such an association of ideas as the following: 'God Almighty bless the King of Prussia and you.' We pray for you, and drink for you both every day.' A man who eschewed claret was looked upon as merely exceptional; the victim of some peculiarity, mental or physical; and the idea of investing his conduct with any merit would have been considered transcendently ludicrous. Temperance was not a quality to which Forbes aspired, and in this respect he was neither before nor behind the principles of his age. From the Scottish convivialities of the last century, even the female sex was not entirely exempt; and though, perhaps, there is no part of the world where the women of the educated classes are now more completely exempt from a practice which modern ideas have stamped as degrading, there are not wanting reasons for believing that ladies of good birth and rearing in the earlier part of the last century quaffed potations which would make their fair descendants shudder, without either losing caste or character, or exposing themselves to the contumely that overtook poor Lady Grange. It was particularly remembered not many years ago, by old people in Edinburgh, that a band of damsels connected with a

great northern house, walking clamorously up the high street, in a beautiful moonlight night, stopped suddenly where the shadow of the Tron Church steeple crossed the street, and, under the hallucination that they had reached the edge of one of their mountain streams, were observed to divest themselves of their shoes and stockings to wade across.

"The many traditions we have of the joviality of our forefathers are accompanied by statements of the wonderful feats of intellect performed by public men, lay and clerical, when to all ordinary observation the faculties were irretrievably steeped in claret; and these lead to the remark that we will not get a right appreciation of the character of previous generations, by passing a sweeping condemnation on them, for practices so much at variance with those of the same class at this day. In some way or other nature, ever wonderful in the adjustment of things apparently incompatible, seems to have adapted the men and their hereditary constitutions to the life they led. They performed their part on the world's stage, and left vestiges in which the unsteady pace of intoxication is seldom to be traced. Without the fruit of their labors, the present generation would not be such as it; and in the statesman or lawyer of a century ago, who after his deep potations carried a frame and intellect as fresh and vigorous as ever to his important labors, we find no prototype of the attenuated and trembling dram-drinker of the present day, whose unstrung nerves require a violent forestalment of their wasting stamina, for each act of ordinary exertion, and for every occasion on which he has to hold intercourse with his fellow-men as a member of society."

This picture of the jealousies and quarrels of the miserable shadow of a court which ruled at St. Germain's, is another excellent specimen of the biographer:

"No great imperial court, with its substantial honors and great offices, probably encircled nearly so much rivalry, irritation, spite, cabal, and intestine dissension, as this poor forlorn court, which had nothing to bestow upon its votaries but hardships and empty titles. The natural first impression of an exiled court is, that those who follow it are melancholy, devoted, high-minded men, who, in leaving to the successful party at home the partition of honors and emoluments, have abandoned all ambitious aspirations and aggrandizing projects, and are content to be the peaceful worshippers of a principle too sacred to be alloyed by sordid thoughts. But this was far from being the case. These partisans had by no means abandoned all the flesh pots of Egypt. True, the rewards they looked to were distant; but the distance enlarged their visionary importance. Viscounets' coronets were developing a growth of shadowy strawberry leaves. The baronet beheld his plain helmet assuming the likeness of a noble diadem. The simple esquire saw the angelic vision of supporters on the panel of his coach. Where there was so much to divide when the king should regain his own again, there was much natural jealousy as to the persons that should partake in the appropriation, and a desire to limit the number. Unfortunately indeed for the grandeur and dignity of human nature, along with much that was disinterested and pure, a substratum of selfishness lay at the bottom of many of the most conspicuous acts of apparent generosity performed by the followers of the Stuarts. Men who are steadily pursuing the line marked out by their conscientious convictions, find no adverse lessons in misfortune. The path before them is clear and straight, though

the block be at the end, and they tread the scaffold with the heroic pride of martyrs. Not so much were the deaths of Kilmarnock and of Cromarty, who repented of their exertions as of a crime, and showed in their contrition that they were not the martyrs of conscience and principle, but that they felt the miserable sting of baffled ambition, while an awakening conscience told them that in the chase after their own selfish aims they had opened the floodgates which deluged a peaceful land with blood.

"Persons with such views, brought together in a country mansion, and made statesmen without having state business to perform, were necessarily occupied in mischief. Here was a chancellor with no litigation before him but household quarrels; a secretary of state with no state to take charge of; a lord high treasurer with about as much revenue as the annual income of an English gentleman to control. Active stirring spirits devoted to such pantomimic statesmanship, must needs find other occupation; and it could be only found in faction and intrigue. The statesmen who are busiest with the affairs of the public are always those who have least time and least inclination for the less creditable occupation of their craft. They are too much concerned with the public to find leisure to undermine each other."

But we must give some passages of greater interest, from the close of Lovat's life. Mr. Burton has overlooked several of the more obvious sources of anecdote, but has done ample justice to his hero in these last trying scenes. Nor is the picture an uninteresting one. It is well to see so many noble traits, even so much courage, wit, and easy confidence, engulfed in shameless ruin. Nothing is successful in the long run, that is not true. Nothing survives the want of truth, or ought to survive it.

Lovat was in his native and grim solitude of Gortuleg in Stratherrick, on the evening of the battle of Culloden. It was not many miles distant from the fatal field, and he was first told of the dark result by the sudden and multitudinous peopling of the silent glens with crowds of fugitive soldiers. After them came the hapless prince, to whom Lovat had hoped to give a different welcome. But his own spirit was the last that fell.

"For two or three days before, preparations were making for the reception of the prince and his train, to regale whom a very ample cold collation was preparing. All the women in the vicinity were called in to bake cakes, and roast meat, poultry, and venison for the occasion. Such was the urgency of the time, and the quantity of food dressed, that every room in the house, even that which Lovat occupied, was used for culinary purposes, and filled with bread and joints of roasted meat. On the fatal day of Culloden, the Highlanders at first gained some partial advantage, and some one came up expressly to say that the fortune of the day was in favor of the prince; the house soon filled with people breathless with anxiety for tidings of their friends who were engaged. The little girl was considered as an encumbrance, and ordered into a closet, where she continued a little while an unwilling prisoner. Below the house was a large marshy plain, in the centre of which was a small lake, that in winter overflowed it, but was now nearly dry. This spot the superstitious believed to be a rendezvous of the fairies; all of a sudden the tumultuous noise that filled the house was succeeded by a deep silence; the little prisoner, alarmed at this sudden stillness, ventured out, and saw no one creature in the house but Lovat sitting in deep thought; then she ven-

tured to the door, and looking down saw above a thousand people in one ghastly crowd in the plain below. Struck with the sudden shifting of the scene and the appearance of this multitude, she thought it was a visionary show of fairies which would immediately disappear. She was soon, however, undeceived by the mournful cries of women who were tearing off their handkerchiefs for bandages to the wounded. In an instant quantities of linen were carried down for the same purpose, and the intended feast was distributed in morsels among the fugitives, who were instantly forced to disperse for safety to the caves and mountains of that rugged district.

The prince and a few of his followers came to the house; Lovat expressed attachment to him, but at the same time reproached him with great asperity for declaring his intention to abandon the enterprise entirely. 'Remember,' said he, fiercely, 'your great ancestor, Robert Bruce, who lost eleven battles and won Scotland by the twelfth.'

The prince fled at early dawn; and Lovat, after concealment in Cawdor Castle, was forced to fly, past his own burning towers, to his last retreat in the lake of Muily.

"Yet the old man soon rallied. He had something of the savage heroic in his nature which prompted him to stand at bay, when every door was closed beyond hope against supplication or finesse. In that confused group of fugitives, though many had shown themselves both brave and wise, his was the only head that framed a consistent policy for their adoption, and the only tongue that still gave utterance to defiance.

'What though the field be lost!
All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And study of revenge: immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.'

"In a hut in the neighborhood of his retreat, he had a conference with Lochiel, Barisdale, Clanranald, Secretary Murray, and other Jacobite leaders. There he proposed that they should raise 3000 men, 'a compact body,' who might defend the mountains against Cumberland's troops, and, without any concert with the exiled house, make themselves so formidable, and their country so impregnable, that they would force the government to give advantageous terms. The respective quota to be supplied by the various chieftains were fixed, and an engagement was signed by them. True to the last to his tortuous policy, Lovat alone refused to put his hand to the bold and sagacious project he had devised. The reader does not require to be informed that the project was not put in practice. Each hunted fugitive sought but a place of refuge, and a temporary rest for his own wearied head; and when no presiding mind like Lovat's was present among them, they had no superfluous thoughts to spare for comprehensive measures.

"With a frame exhausted by age and disease, unable to move his limbs, the hardships he encountered, hiding in bogs and hollow trees, and caverns, with the whole fabric of his ambition lying in dust at his feet, and no brilliant hopes as in the days of his early hardships beckoning him through endurance to greatness—the miseries of the old man's wanderings must have been such as the pen need not attempt to describe. He was finally apprehended in the district of Morar, on the western coast, by a party from the Furnace sloop, which had been sent to search the isles and the coast. From his retreat in Loch Muily, he must have travelled upwards of seventy miles over the wildest

country of Scotland to reach this spot, and for all this exertion he must have been indebted to the faithful labors of his clansmen, for he could not walk a step unsupported. In the Lake of Morar he had hidden himself in an island which, as he had the command of the only boat on the lake, he considered impregnable. As, however, the western extremity of the lake was very close to the sea, a boat was towed by the man-of-war's men over the peninsula, and launched on the lake. The contemporary narratives state that he was discovered within a hollow tree, in which he was able to stand upright after having entered by an orifice below, through which the sailors were astonished to see what appeared to be two human legs muffled in flannel like those of a gouty alderman.

"He was conveyed in a litter to Fort William, and there, on the 12th of June, he wrote a letter to the Duke of Cumberland, saying: 'I can do no more service to the king and government, than the destroying a hundred such like old and very infirm men like me, past seventy, without the least use of my hands, legs, and knees, can be advantage in any shape to the government.' Nor did he fail in efforts to touch other feelings. He spoke of his favorable reception at the court of George I. much in the same strain, with several other letters already quoted. 'And I often,' he continues, 'carried your royal highness in my arms in the parks at Kensington and Hampton Court, to hold you up to your royal grandfather, that he might embrace you, for he was very fond of you, and the young princess.' But this was addressed to a heart harder than the nether millstone."

They moved him gradually southwards, past his own country, where his litter was followed by the wail of his clan, and on throughout England, where a sort of half curiosity, half horror, awaited him.

"A young officer was desirous of contemplating the actual features of this strange monster, of whom such wild rumors had reached the civilized world; and the acute inmate of the litter, discerning his object, snored loudly, and pretended to be fast asleep. The young man gently drew the curtain and looked in, when 'the monster,' starting up, seized him by the nose, and gave it a twinge not easily to be forgotten."

The story of his hundred flannel waistcoats and furred nightgown, and of the suffocating embraces he used to give to the captain who had charge of him, whose name, being Maggett, he Frenchified into Magot, (a monkey,) is already familiar to the readers of Gray's delightful letters.

"It was at the White Hart Inn in St. Alban's, that he met with Hogarth. He had a mind fully capable of appreciating that great artist's works; they had made each other's acquaintance before; and we learn that, though under the hands of the barber, he 'received his old friend with a salute which left much of the lather on his face.' The great master of the real in art beheld here a face and figure to immortalize. The well-known portrait to which this meeting gave rise, represents the massive form of the old captive leaning forward in a high-backed chair, the forefinger of his right hand placed on the thumb of his left. He is supposed to be enumerating the various detachments of the rebel forces; but his thoughts are evidently occupied with things of deeper import than mere numbers. His broad forehead is knit into large knots by the working of thick-coming fancies, as if he were luxuriating on one of his great schemes; his eyes shoot forth from beneath them a twinkling

light, half fierce, half sarcastic; while his broad mouth expanding in a smile of cajolery and good-humor, seems to laugh at the eloquent earnestness of the other features. Around them all gather a multitude of little wrinkles, which, in the hands of one accustomed to stamp a passion or a cast of character by a single line, did each their service in recording an epitome of the strange and varied history of the subject of the sketch. The artist said, 'that the muscles of Lovat's neck appeared of unusual strength—more so than he had ever seen.' This etching was one of the most popular of Hogarth's works. The impressions could not be taken so fast as the public demanded them, though the rolling press was at work all night for a week. For several weeks the proceeds are said to have realized twelve pounds a day.

"As he approached the tower, he saw the scaffold erected for the execution of Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and, reading there his own fate, treated his attendants with a train of reflections on the strange vicissitudes of his life—his hardships among the mountains in his youth—his adventures abroad—his intimacy with distinguished foreigners—his imprisonment—his greatness, and now his fall. He was an eloquent moralizer, and is said to have deeply impressed those who heard him."

We need not follow him through the incidents of his trial. At its close he thanked their lordships for their goodness to him, prayed God to bless them, wished them an everlasting farewell, and remarked with the lurking humor that had never forsaken him, that "they would not meet all in the same place again;" he was sure of that.

"On his return from the house of lords to the tower, an old woman not very well favored, had pressed through the crowd and screamed in at the window of the coach, 'You'll get that nasty head of yours chopped off, you ugly old Scotch dog;' to which he answered, 'I believe I shall, you ugly old English b——,' paying her back with the feminine of the masculine epithet she had applied to him. The major of the tower coming to visit him and ask how he did, he answered, 'Why, I am about doing pretty well, for I am preparing myself, sir, for a place where hardly any majors, and very few lieutenant-generals go;' this was a more distinct hint than that given to the house of lords. Any matter engrossing the public mind so much as this trial and execution, naturally invited the vagaries of persons wholly or partially insane, to the centre of attraction. In this shape an individual of the name of Paynter rendered himself conspicuous by a petition to his majesty, and a letter to Mr. Secretary Pelham, stating that his application was very different from those with which statesmen are generally overwhelmed, and was for a boon for which there would be few competitors. 'Do, then,' he said to Pelham, 'be persuaded—let me persuade you, sir, to intercede with the king on my behalf, that Lovat may be pardoned, and that I may have the honor to be beheaded on the scaffold in his lordship's stead.' When he heard of this magnanimous offer, Lovat said it exceeded the text of Scripture, which says, 'Greater love than this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' 'However,' he continued, 'this man offers to suffer for a stranger, nay, for one that he stigmatizes with the name of a vile traitor. In short, sir, I am afraid the poor gentleman is weary of living in this wicked world, and, if that be the case, the obligation is altered, because a part of the benefit is intended for himself.' Occasionally his thoughts

were far off among his mountains, and his heart swelled with the thought of the greatness that there still hallowed his name. He said he would have his body entombed in the church of Kirkhill, which had been the family place of burial for centuries, and that he had at one time left in the codicil to his will, a sum to pay all the pipers from John O'Groat's house to Edinburgh to play before his body, and if this were not permitted by the government, yet the old women would cry the coronach, 'And then,' he said, 'there will be old crying and clapping of hands, for I am one of the greatest chiefs in the Highlands.' He made himself a favorite with the warders. On the evening before his execution he took a cordial pipe and a glass of wine with them, and on their drinking to him 'a good journey,' he said 'Amen,' and then knocking the ashes out of his pipe, thus moralized: 'Now, gentlemen, the end of all human grandeur is like this snuff of tobacco.' There was more than one striking instance, while he was in the tower, of his power of securing the affection and attachment of those by whom he was surrounded. When General Williamson, the lieutenant-colonel of the fortress, visited him on the same evening, he desired to bid farewell to that gentleman's daughter, but was told that she was so much overcome by sorrow for his fate, as to be unfit to support an interview. 'God bless the dear child,' he said, 'and make her eternally happy, for she is a kind-hearted, good lass.' He desired the attendance of Mr. Baker, the chaplain of the Sardinian ambassador, and declared that he died in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, 'that he adhered to the rock upon which Christ built his church; to St. Peter, and the succession of pastors from him down to the present time; and that he rejected and renounced all sects and communities that were rejected by the church.' But even on this solemn question he showed his old propensities; when asked if he was a Jesuit, he said no—a Jansenist; evidently out of a spirit of mystification."

Mr. Burton describes the last scene briefly but impressively:

"The tragedy was finished on Thursday, the 9th of April. The last time he had stood in the open air before an assemblage, was on his own hills, and in the presence of his own people—here he was in the midst of the London mob, for whose hundreds of thousands his death was a holiday. From the dense eagerness of the crowd, a scaffold fell, and several people were killed. But so intensely was the interest of all centred in the one solemn and deliberate extinction of life which had brought them together, that the incident was scarcely noticed, save to record Lovat's remark on it, 'The more mischief the better sport.' When he reached the scaffold he looked round and said, 'God save us—why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head that cannot get up three steps without two men to support it.' He embraced one of his clansmen, James Fraser, and said, 'My dear James, I am going to heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world.' To another of his followers he gave his gold-headed cane, and it is still in the possession of the receiver's descendants in Inverness. He examined the edge of the axe, and said he believed it would do. It was then that he uttered the sentiment from Horace, ever connected with his name by the association of contrariety,

'Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.'

He read the inscription on his coffin, which was simply 'Simon Dominus Fraser de Lovat, decolatus; April 9, 1747. Ætat. suæ 80.' It appears to have been the meagreness of this inscription that, leading him to reflections on the vanity of all his hoarded hive of grand ancestral associations, prompted him to say with Ovid,

'Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.'

"His head was severed from his body at one blow."

From the Spectator.

THE two most remarkable public characters of Scotland during the last century were Simon Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes. Several Scotchmen attained higher position and greater success in life; some reached greater historical eminence, and exercised a wider influence on society, but in a *British* field of exertion—as Lord Mansfield; several gained a more shining fame, but by means of literature—as Hume, Robertson, and Lord Kames; Lord George Murray was more conspicuously engaged, and in purely national affairs, as commander-in-chief of the pretender's army; and several Jacobites, by their exertions or misfortunes, were as prominently if not for so long a period before the public eye. But except where poetry, as in the case of Lochiel, has given currency to a name, few men are so well known as Lovat and Forbes; none excite so solid an attention.

The secret of this eminence is probably to be found in their strength of character. Both were men of determined will, of extraordinary energy and resolution, with that self-reliance and power to dare and do which wanted but a wider field of action and a less provincial cast of mind to partake of the heroic. A further cause of the attention they have excited was, that each, with a very strong individuality, represented a large class. The feeble-minded Cromarty and the bluff Balmerino were mere persons. Duncan Forbes was a *type* of the respectable Scottish gentleman and politician of the last century; Lovat, of the worst of the Highland chieftains, as well as of the low, cajoling, selfish man of the world everywhere. It has been said that Lovat represented the old feudal baron of Scotland, in contrast with modern civilization. Mr. Burton considers he was a *type* of "the old reign of fraud and force, rendered more conspicuous by protruding into an æra of transition." But if a Scotch or any other feudality resembled some of Lovat's earlier deeds—as the abduction and nominal marriage but real rape of the dowager Lady Lovat of another sept—it more nearly resembled the brutalities of banditti than such a social system as we have been taught to suppose it. These outbreaks of a barbarian nature in early youth were, let us hope, personal, not Celtic; as his shameless and unscrupulous falsehood, lying like truth from its very magnitude and audacity, may also be considered peculiar to himself. The more general traits of Highland character seem to have been the mixture of a liberal education and worldly knowledge with strong clannish prejudices, which Lovat carefully concealed from the world at large, but made good use of among his own people, and, unless he kept up his hypocrisy to the last, really felt himself. He had also the selfishness, intriguing disposition, and want of principle, which characterized the worst of the Highland chieftains, if not all of them. Inquiry is a terrible dissipater

of romance; and the deeper the subject is gone into, the more the Highland Jacobite leaders appear to have been influenced by purposes or grievances of their own, rather than by any chivalrous principle of loyalty. Most of them were ready at any and at all times to have bartered their Jacobitism for a commission or place of proportionate value; as the most "devoted" of these timeservers were ready to have used the power that trust would have given them, to betray their trusters, if they saw sufficient motive—a shocking laxness of morality which then more or less pervaded public life, but was deeper and more systematic, we fear, in the Highlands than anywhere else. In this political craft Lovat was a master: he had an impudence, a dexterity, a readiness, and a coolness both of denial and invention, which never left him at a loss either to plan a scheme or to escape from it. His intellectual abilities, though gross and limited, were very great of their kind; and he had sharpened them by education, practice, and much experience of men in various countries. His courage, both animal and mental, was surprising; his hypocrisy profound. That he had no sense of or care for religion during his life is without doubt; from his confidential jests it would appear he had no belief of any kind. Yet his acting at his death was so perfect that he might be supposed a model of piety.

With his hard practical worldly sense, his extensive knowledge of mankind, and his learned education, it would seem unlikely that he should entertain the Highland ancestral and clanish prejudices: but he appears really to have done so—perhaps the only feeling he possessed unconnected with some of his own objects of advancement.

It is a great moral lesson to consider, that notwithstanding all his natural and acquired advantages, and without one scruple of shame, fear, honor, or conscience, to restrain him, he did not greatly advance in life; and what little he did gain he was constantly losing, while he failed so egregiously at last that he closed his career upon the scaffold. His double treacheries rendered him suspected by both parties, doomed him to linger out some ten years of the prime of his life in France under Jacobite surveillance, and cost him his estate. When further treachery to the Stuarts procured its restoration from the house of Hanover, and a magnified service procured him some politic reward, he lost the ground he had gained by further intriguing treasons. In fact, to escape from the consequence of his crimes was about the highest extent of his temporary success; and even this sorry cord broke at last.

The career of Duncan Forbes, though not a failure like that of his acquaintance Lovat, was not a striking success proportioned to his abilities and services. The son of a wealthy whig family, regularly trained to the bar, and becoming eminent as a practitioner, he had a right to look for the honors of his profession—lord advocate and president of the court of session, or what in England would be called attorney general and lord chief justice. There was then a more political and ministerial character connected with these offices in Scotland than their legal counterparts in England ever attained, unless in the ancient justiciary; and Duncan Forbes was eminent for his rule in Scotland and the services he rendered to the house of Brunswick during the rebellion of 1745-6. But he seems to have been merely a resolute minister, and not to have left any statesmanlike impress upon Scotland; his exertions during the rebellion were so far from

being properly rewarded, that he does not appear to have been repaid his advances out of pocket, made under official authority—a fraud which embarrassed his affairs, and doomed his son for many years to penury and retirement. If this affair be as it is represented by the Forbes family papers, it was a piece of official swindling. There was perhaps some reason for his neglect by government. The fact is, that his mind was Scotch, not British; he could not rise above the local ideas that were rife in his youth, before the union, and for a long time afterwards. Though a whig by birth and education, as well as by reflection, he seemed to think that the Highlanders had a right to rebel and to escape from the consequences of their rebellion. His remonstrances to the Duke of Cumberland were distasteful, and gave rise to a pretty general notion that he was a Jacobite himself. Cruelty is at all times abhorrent. It is easy for us, who can look back for a century, with the milder feelings of a century, to stigmatize the conduct of the victors of Culloden as mere gratuitous brutality. But our knowledge could not be theirs: for sixty years the whole island had been kept anxious and uneasy by the state of the Highlands; thrice had they raised the standard of rebellion, causing bloodshed and confusion, without even a reasonable prospect of success; the rapid extinction of the Stuart race was then a very unlikely prospect; and endless uncertainty, ever recurring rebellions would have existed, had not the spirit of the clans been broken and the whole system of clanship destroyed. Deep-seated evils exist in certain states of society; to remedy which, common modes of acting must be suspended. Had William the Conqueror been a smaller and less determined mind, he would have set up a temporary kingdom, similar to those which were perpetually rising and falling from the departure of the Romans to the invasion of the Normans; had Henry the Eighth been more conscientious and less "right royal," the incubus of the property and power of a preposterously wealthy priesthood would still have ridden over the country, or we should have been involved in endless contests to shake it off: had Cumberland been more tender-hearted, the system of clanship would not have been so thoroughly destroyed; the Jacobite spirit might have descended to another generation as a living principle, not as an effete superstition—an ulcer in time of peace, and probably a destructive fever during the American and French revolutionary wars. We do not mean to deny that passion as much as policy was allowed to operate in the Highlands, and that the campaign was stained by needless cruelty to the humbler clansmen; but we may see in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker* how effective the proceedings of Cumberland and the ministry were; and it is pretty certain that Forbes' prejudices would have opposed any proceedings that would have gone to the root of the evil.

Considering how frequently the leading incidents in the lives both of Lovat and Forbes have been noticed in the numerous works on the subject of the Jacobite intrigues and insurrections, it may fairly be asked, was such a work as the one before us needed at this time of day? or were the persons of sufficient importance to require a separate and elaborate biography? In a common case the answer must be in the negative: but Mr. Burton has had access to new and valuable information; a variety of original documents have been placed in his hands relating to Lord Lovat, and the whole of the family papers at Culloden House have been laid before

him. What is of more consequence, his mind is saturated with his subjects. He appears to have been long familiar with the scenery of the Fraser country, and all the other places which derive any interest from Lovat or Forbes; and to have studied all that exists in printed books on the subject of his heroes, as well scattered and incidental as direct. The same sort of knowledge which gave a vital character to Mr. Burton's "Life of Hume" is also visible here. He cannot, of course, personally know the state of society and opinion in which Forbes and Lovat moved; but he has been himself a part of that which succeeded it, and he appears to know it thoroughly by tradition. His knowledge of Scotch law and customs also serves him well; and these circumstances, as in the case of Hume's Life, give a natural air to the book. The subjects seem men, not abstractions. Lovat especially comes out more natural than in the common notices of him. Less of the mere monster or devil, and more of what he really was—a hard-hearted, selfish, ruffianly, but clever and plausible man of the world, encouraged into crime by the power he possessed as a Highland chief, and the lax state of morality around him. An idea of his own system of ethics may be formed from a letter he wrote to his "doer," or solicitor, at a time when he was involved in litigation respecting the Fraser estate. Mr. Burton considers that the lawyer's remonstrance was "probably against some very villainous proposal" on the part of the lord.

"29th April, 1729.

"Dear Sir—I had the honour of your fine moral and philosophic letter by this post; and tho' it is writ in a very pathetic, smooth way, yet I have read so many good authors on the subject, without being able to reduce their advice to practice, that an epistle from a Scotch lawyer can have but very little influence on me, that now by a long experience knows that those fine moral reflections are no more but a play of our intellects, by which the author carresses his own genius by false ideas that can never be put in practice. You may give me as many bony words as you please; but words will never gain me the estate of Lovat, nor my peerage, without assiduously acting that part I ought to get that effectual: and though some people charged me with liking some of the Roman Catholic principles, yet I do assure you that I do not expect new miracles in my favours, and that I am fully resolved to use all the ordinary means in my power to save my family. I told you so plainly in my last letter, that I had no satisfactory answer to any of my essential queries, that I will not trouble you with repenting what I have said; only I must tell you, that I alwise observed since I came to know anything in the world, that an active man with a small understanding will finish business and succeed better in his affairs, than an indolent lazy man of the brightest sense and of the most solid judgment. So since I cannot flatter myself to have a title to the last character, I ought to thank God that I am of a very active temper; and I'll be so far from relenting, that I'll double my activity if possible."

Unlike the generality of biographers, Mr. Burton has little or no bias in favor of his subjects or their times; but brings a sound critical judgment to bear upon everything—unless it be that he occasionally ascribes too great a weight to some of Lovat's own statements in his letters. The favor of King George the First was a subject of endless boast with Lovat, though we believe it has no confirmatory evidence;

without which, no statement of his can ever be relied on. To such a height did he carry his confidence in the credulity of others, that he even writes to Forbes that he has advanced the credit of Argyll and his brother, by speaking favorably of them to the king.

EVACUATION OF VERA CRUZ.

WE have published numerous and ample accounts of the bombardment which brought on the surrender of Vera Cruz, but no very detailed description of the actual surrender. The following letter, which we find in the Auburn Advertiser, supplies the best account we have seen:—

U. S. SLOOP OF WAR ALBANY.

ANTON LIZARDO, April 4, 1847.

On the 29th day of March, 1847, the ceremony of the capitulation of the city of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa took place, and by special good fortune I obtained an opportunity of seeing the glorious pageant.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, and the white domes, towers and fortresses of the city were basking in the yellow sunbeams, when the boat containing our party put off from the ship. We had a delightful passage to the shore, where, after running through the breakers, we landed and found ourselves among as motley an assemblage as ever were collected, officers, soldiers, sutlers, reporters for the press, camp followers, hangers-on, loafers, "gentlemen of leisure," dogs, pigs and cats, all mingled promiscuously together on the long level sand beach and all striving to be heard—gabbling like so many geese, or the multitude at the tower of Babel.

We had not been long on shore before I had an opportunity of seeing the gallant Worth, of Monterey notoriety. He came galloping down on his fine steed, accompanied by his staff of officers, and when he had arrived opposite the spot where our party was standing, he halted to give some orders, and I had a fine opportunity of scrutinizing his appearance. He was dressed in full uniform, and was one of the noblest looking men I had ever beheld. There was a look of decision, of firmness and bravery about him, that at once proclaimed him no common man. Seeing us all attentively and rather curiously regarding him, he politely raised his *chapeau*, and with a kind-toned "Good morning, gentlemen," galloped off toward the city.

A large party of us, consisting of a number of clerks in the paymaster's and quartermaster's departments, several naval officers and citizens, started over the sand hills for the spot where the capitulation was to take place. This was a fine level plain, extending from the southern gate of the city nearly two miles, and was smooth and even as a bowling alley. As we advanced towards the city, we found the ground almost covered with round shot, of every size, that had been thrown from the enemy's batteries at our army, and ever and anon we came to great holes, eight or ten feet in depth, where the terrible shells from the castle had struck and, after exploding, scattered their fragments all around the plain. Now and then horses and mules, that had been destroyed by the shot, could be described lying upon the ground, with myriads of birds of prey shrieking around them, and tearing the flesh from their white bones.

Having arrived upon the plain, we took a position where we imagined we should have a fine view of the whole scene, but we had not been there more than twenty minutes ere one of Gen. Scott's aids

came galloping over the plain, his horse covered with foam, and his sabre dangling in its sheath, with,

"Gentlemen, the general directs that *this* spot shall be kept clear. The Mexican troops are to march out here, and you will be obliged to take up another position."

Away he galloped back again to his post, and our party separated, and each looked out for himself. One of the army officers, who was not on duty at the time, and myself proceeded to a hill covered with a thick growth of chapparal, which overlooked the whole field, and where the intense heat was modified by a cool, fresh breeze that came sweeping over the great waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and passed with a rustling sound through the tangled boughs of the almost impervious chapparal, beneath whose shade we reclined and gazed upon the magnificent panorama beneath us. There spread the expansive plain on which the Mexicans were to lay down their arms; the city of Vera Cruz, with its old time-worn walls, ramparts, domes, steeples and fortresses, battered down, broken into fragments and defaced by shot and shells; the old grim castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, with the half masted flag of Mexico waving above it, as if in distress; and beyond, the great, solemn, sleeping sea, on which the immense fleet of ships of war and transports were quietly riding, their masts, yards and wilderness of rigging clearly defined against the yellow, sunlit sky. My companion had an excellent telescope, and it afforded us a most excellent view of all the surrounding scenery, and of everything that transpired.

About 10 o'clock A. M. the American army marched up in two distinct columns, the regular troops on the right, and the volunteers on the left, and took up a position in such a manner as to bring a large portion of the level plain before mentioned, within a hollow square, with a slight opening at the end nearest the city for the Mexican troops to enter. At the further end of this hollow square a white flag was planted, and there the American generals took their station, to receive the swords of the vanquished. It was a grand sight. Some twenty thousand soldiers drawn up, with their bright arms flashing in the sunbeams, and with the gay colors of the different regiments floating on the breeze, while every hill-top, and other spot where a view could be obtained, was crowded with anxious spectators. About 11 o'clock, a loud wail of trumpets told that the Mexican army were approaching, and in a few moments they were seen to defile from the south gate of the city and enter the plain where they were to lay down their arms. The soldiers and officers made an excellent appearance, being well dressed and accoutred.

On they came to the wailing sound of the most mournful music I ever heard, and the general officers at the head, and a multitude of citizens following, loaded down with their goods and chattels—their *little all*! Some had old trunks upon their shoulders, others bags filled with provisions, and from appearances, we judged that the town had been abandoned to our troops. Women and children, the old, the young, the sick, the poor, the lame, the blind—all had fled from their city with their little treasures, as if the pestilence was about to enter there, and in a sad and mournful procession, came thronging from their homes. My heart ached for them, and I sincerely sympathized with them in their deep distress. The line of Mexican troops and citizens extended from the city gate to the white flag

where sat the American general officers, on horseback, to receive the conquered.

After remaining for some time on the hill, my companion and myself descended, and went along the whole line of the Mexican army, saluting the principal officers as we passed, which was always returned with the greatest courtesy. On we went toward the gate of the city, admiring the pretty *senoritas*, who were reclining upon the ground among the troops, with their feet and ankles entirely, and their bosoms more than half exposed, with their dark flashing eyes, and long raven hair hanging down almost to the ground. On we went, stopping to exchange a few words with one, and a smile with another, until, looking suddenly behind us, we found that we had left our countrymen and all succor far away, and that we were absolutely alone in the very midst of the Mexican army. If I had my misgivings as I saw the dark and threatening looks cast upon my comrade and myself, by the armed and swarthy hordes of the enemy, I took good care not to show them, but went quietly on, though I felt as if I was walking on the edge of a precipice from which one false step might precipitate me among the rocks below.

Had any evil disposed Mexican taken a fancy to have a shot at us, who, at such a time, could ever have ferreted out the assassin? We were both entirely unarmed, and felt the delicacy of our situation, though we took care not to let the Mexican soldiers perceive it, and went quietly on, until we found ourselves before the gate of the city. In a few moments our party was increased by Mr. Crossan, the sailing master of the "*Albany*," passed midshipman Dyer, and Mr. O'Brien, the clerk of the commanding officer, all brave and heroic officers, who had done good service during the bombardment. After a short deliberation, we decided to enter the city, and passing beneath the arched gateway, soon found ourselves in the narrow and barricaded streets.

After penetrating for some distance, I paused and looked around me, and my feelings were not of the most comfortable nature. Save our little party, not an American was to be seen—we were literally alone in an enemy's city. We were the first of our countrymen who had entered Vera Cruz. I know not what came over me—whether it was the spirit of adventure, or a wild and inexcusable recklessness, or both—I suddenly left my party to "take care of themselves," and turning a corner, proceeded entirely *alone* through the winding and half deserted streets. The secret dread which I had experienced, on first passing the gateway, was gone, and I went rambling over the whole town, solitary and unarmed. On I went, where the buildings torn in pieces, the pavements blown up, and the pieces of bomb shells lying about, told the effect of these dreadful missiles—on, where the black *jalousies*, overhanging the thoroughfares, presented an excellent lurking place for the assassin, and still unharmed.

Never had I beheld such destruction of property. Scarcely a house did I pass that did not show some great rent made by the bursting of our bomb shells. At almost every house at which I passed to examine the destruction occasioned by these dreadful messengers of death, some one of the family (if the house did not happen to be deserted) would come to the door and, inviting me to enter, point out their property destroyed, and with a pitiful sigh exclaim "*la bomba!—la bomba!*" [the bomb!—the bomb!] My heart ached for the poor creatures.

During my peregrinations, I came to a lofty and

noble mansion, in which a terrible bomb had exploded, and laid the whole front of the house in ruins. While I was examining the awful havoc created, a beautiful girl of some seventeen came to the door and invited me into the house. She pointed to the furniture of the mansion torn into fragments, and the piles of rubbish lying around, and informed me, with her beautiful eyes filled with tears, that the bomb had destroyed her father, mother, brother and two little sisters, and that she was now left in the world alone! O war! war!—who can tell thy horrors? Who can picture thy deformities?

During the afternoon I visited the hospital. Here lay upon truckle beds the mangled creatures who had been wounded during the bombardment. In one corner, was a poor, decrepit, bed-ridden woman, her head white with the sorrows of seventy years. One of her withered arms had been blown off by a fragment of a shell. In another place might be seen mangled creatures of both sexes, bruised and disfigured by the falling of their houses, and bursting of the shells. On the stone floor lay a little child in a complete state of nudity, with one of its poor legs cut off just above the knee! The apartment was filled with flies, that seemed to delight in the agonies of the miserable creatures over whom they hovered, and the moans were heart-rending.

I went about from cot to cot, and attempted to condole with the sufferers, by whom I was invariably greeted with a kind smile. Not even this abode of wretchedness had been exempt from the cursed scourge of war! A bomb had descended through the roof, and after landing on the floor, exploded, sending some twenty already mangled wretches to "the sleep that knows no waking."

In the course of the afternoon the army took possession of the city of Vera Cruz, and the streets were thronged with our troops. After visiting everything worthy of note, at sunset I returned on board, having received a lesson in the horrors of war which I shall not soon forget. Yours truly,

E. CURTISS HINE.

VERA CRUZ.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PICAYUNE.

Vera Cruz, April 4, 1847.

THE expedition to Antigua, under Col. Harney, returned yesterday, completely successful in every way. This side of the place, which is nearly eighteen miles distant from the route they were obliged to take, they found heavy trees felled across the road, and other obstructions thrown in the way, but the dragoons found a way through all, dashed into Antigua, and succeeded in capturing all the lancers then at the barracks. Those of the enemy who were out at the time evidently got wind of the approach of the dragoons, and succeeded in making their escape toward Jalapa.

Two of Col. Kinney's men came in this morning from Santa Anna's estate, Mango de Clavo, whither they had gone in search of cattle, &c. They found the hacienda, which is described as a rich and most beautiful place, entirely deserted—the doors all open, probably to prevent their being broken in, and the furniture and every valuable removed.

The administrador of the hacienda they found concealed at a house two or three miles distant, and to this place he had taken many of the valuables of his master, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Mexican as well as American soldiers.

From the information given by this man, there can be no doubt that Santa Anna has thousands and thousands of cattle between this place and Jalapa, all of which can be driven in and sold to our army for a fair price. Strange state of affairs, this—Santa Anna making money out of the United States by providing its army with provisions; yet so it is.

The "Napoleon of the south" is ever ready to make an honest (!) penny, and I have little doubt has all along considered that Gen. Scott's camp would make a most excellent market for his cattle, and, what is more, has connived at their sale.

The accounts brought by Col. Kinney's men would go to show that La Vega has deserted Puente Nacional entirely, and has taken up and is fortifying a strong position at Cerro Gaudo, this side of Jalapa. Here, notwithstanding the Mexicans are dispirited and deserting in consequence of the fall of Vera Cruz, La Vega was expecting reinforcements and aid from the city of Mexico and other parts of the interior.

The party who bring this information, as they started last night from Mango de Clavo, were passed by some 300 lancers. The latter were riding with all speed, scattering lances, escopetas, and even their caps on the road.

They had evidently but just ascertained that Antigua and some of their friends had been taken, and rode on in the direction of Jalapa as though they fancied Gen. Scott's entire force was after them. It is said that a son of Santa Anna is an active cavalry officer, and has been indefatigable from the first in raising men and taking measures to annoy our army.

Dates from the city of Mexico have been received a little later, but as yet I have been unable to get hold of a paper. From private accounts, notwithstanding their dissensions among themselves, all classes would appear to unite in denouncing every idea of a peace with the United States—the majority of them will not even listen to overtures until every hostile foot is removed from the sacred soil of Mexico.

The mission of Atocha is scouted at. Santa Anna, notwithstanding his disastrous defeat at Buena Vista, speaks with confidence of being able to raise an army every way strong enough to resist the advance of Gen. Scott upon the capital.

They now talk boldly of bleeding, dying and being buried amid the ruins of the city of Mexico rather than have its streets and gorgeous palaces polluted by "los Yankees;" but as they were going to do the same thing at Matamoras, again at Monterrey, and more recently here at Vera Cruz, and changed their minds when it came to the pinch, it is barely possible that some few of them may be left alive to tell of the surrender of the great city. It would be far better for the country if its officers would talk less and do more.

I wish to mention one fact that rather astonished me. I was passing a house in the ruined part of the city last evening, when a good-looking but scantily dressed woman accosted me for *limosnas* or alms, all to celebrate a grand *funcion* in the cathedral. Beckoning me to enter her house, she handed me a paper to read, and pointed to a large plate of silver—half dollars, quarters and dimes, for the most part American—which was lying on the table.

The paper went to show that there was to be a solemn *funcion* or observance in the church, all to return thanks that the city had been surrendered to the Americans before the entire population was killed and the place entirely destroyed by the shells

of the enemy;—and to raise money for this purpose they were calling upon the Americans!

I helped to swell the fund to the extent of a dollar, and intend to have a sight at the performances as the worth of my money. The Mexican officers borrow money of the Americans, the hungry Mexican population clamor about our commissaries' depots for bread, and now they ask us to defray the expenses of one of their observances or celebrations. I hardly know what they will want next.

I have said but little about the evacuation of this place by the Mexicans on the 29th ult., because I have had little time. It reminded me more of the "Departure of the Israelites" than ought else I can compare it to—the long procession of soldiers, national militia, and people of all classes and sexes, as they poured out of the walls of a city set off as this is with huge, antique-looking domes, and other architectural ornaments.

As at Monterey, there was the same throng of camp women, carrying every conceivable implement of ornament and use, especially of the former, to say nothing of innumerable parrots, poodle dogs, and other absurdities of a kindred nature. It is a singular fact that the poorer the people in every country, the greater number of dogs they must have about them; but in no nation does the half-starved population affect the animal to the same extent as in this.

There was one fellow in the procession that marched out of Vera Cruz that I particularly noticed. He certainly looked like a priest, both in garb and mien; but then, as he had a fiddle in one hand and a fighting chicken in the other, it may be unfair to class him among the holy brotherhood. I shall not soon forget the man and his baggage at all events.

I have just conversed with a very intelligent man—one who should know Mexico well. He says that the inhabitants in the interior, with the exception of a few of the clergy and proprietors of houses and lands, are further from wishing a peace with the United States than ever. *Quien sabe?* but I more than half believe him.

G. W. K.

From the New Orleans Picayune, March 18.

A MEXICAN SAINT.

WE have had on our table for some days a letter from a friend at Camargo, descriptive of the advent of a saint at that place, for which we have in vain endeavored to find room during the late pressure on our columns. The narrative is perfectly illustrative of Mexican manners and superstition. The reader will understand that no quiz is intended, preposterous as the story appears to sober-minded, calculating Yankees. The letter was written just prior to the recent alarm caused at Camargo by the irruption of the Mexican hordes. Our friend has written us that the later excitement has quite dispelled that aroused by her saintship. But to the letter:—

Correspondence of the Picayune.

Camargo, Mexico, February 20, 1847.

My dear Sirs—"Have you seen the saint?" This question is the only salutation now in this place. Men pass rapidly along, casting wild glances to the right and left; while crowds of women are going to and fro, their heads wrapped up in their *rebosos*, and their eyes swimming in tears; and every acquaintance you meet salutes you with, "Have you seen the saint?"

This quiet little place was thrown into utter confusion yesterday evening, about three o'clock, by

the announcement of the fact that a saint was at that time approaching the town, and in a few moments would be in our midst. Crowds of people on foot thronged the road in the direction the saint was expected, while horsemen were galloping from every direction. My horse was saddled, mounted and at full speed in a jiffy. About a half mile from town I saw in the road a mass of people—eight hundred or a thousand—and in the centre was a black umbrella borne by two women, and held over a third, who was dressed in black, and had a black shawl over her head and a veil over her face. It is impossible to describe to you the scene. Old men, with their heads uncovered and upturned eyes, piously crossing themselves; old women weeping, (they could n't tell why,) and young mothers rushing as though perfectly frantic into the midst of the crowd, bearing in their arms their sick children in order to press them to the bosom of the saint, or enable them to touch the hem of her garments.

Every ten steps the crowd would take toward town it was compelled to halt by the arrival of others pressing through to the centre and kissing the hands and feet of the saint; and as she passed through the streets to the house where she now dwells, both sides were lined with men, women and children, while the halt and the blind—some standing, some kneeling—had their heads uncovered. She finally arrived at the house—where we will leave her to rest for a few moments, as she has had a hard day's march, until I give you a portion of her history—as they forgot to mention her when speaking of the other saints. I learned that she was born and raised in this house. Several years since she was forced by her parents to marry against her own consent. She has been in bad health ever since—her husband's harsh treatment was the alleged cause. A short time since she, with her husband, removed to a rancho, near the town of Reynosa, about thirty miles from here. Some few days since she *died and remained dead six hours*, again returned to life, and when discovered was sitting up in bed with a golden candlestick in one hand and a goblet in the other, and was apparently conversing with an invisible spirit.

She then told her family that she had died, gone to the other world and stood face to face with our Saviour and St. Joseph; that they told her they pitied her griefs, and directed her to return to earth and assume the same earthly tabernacle she possessed before; therefore is she here. During the conversation with her friends her forehead and face appeared full of brilliant stars. The priest of Reynosa was sent for, and he, it is said, and many others, have given her strong certificates, certifying to her saintship, &c.; and also that she in his presence turned dust to gold and roses, and that from a piece of dough she pressed out blood, which she declared was the blood of our Saviour; also that she pressed blood from a handkerchief, and the drop cannot be wiped out from the white dish or plate upon which it fell. She was sent by the priest and people of Reynosa to the priest here; and to-day the alcaldes and the padre are engaged in examining written and oral testimony at the house of the saint. I shall endeavor to send you a copy of their report.

She frequently directs her room to be freed from the presence of intruders, "in order that she may converse with St. Joseph." In the first conversation she had, the spirit told her to write certain poetry, which is in very fair rhyme in *Spanish*. I send you a copy, but, from its being translated

literally word for word, I fear the sense is much impaired: This morning she sent word to an influential family, who were three miles from here, that she had been in the other world and seen many of their relatives, and *she had several letters from them for the family here.* And these people all believe it, and "won't do nothing else." I am anxious to know the decision of the authorities, for if she is a saint, what will they do with her? and if she is not a saint, they can't make the people believe it.

In making her a saint they have spoiled a very good-looking woman. She is above the ordinary height, fine figure and well proportioned, except that her hand and arm are rather large. This I presume was a wise provision, for those she could not convince she could knock down. She has a light complexion, the expression of her face rather handsome, beautiful black eyes and hair, and is only twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. So, if she is not a "young saint," she is not an "old sinner." She dresses in white, with a rich necklace of gold beads round her neck, from the centre of which is suspended a cross, and over her head was thrown a light thin gauze handkerchief, striped with white and blue. She reclines on a cushioned seat, and has her tiny foot upon a stool, tempting all who pass to stop and worship.

I'll give you another note should I hear "anything drop." Yours truly.

COPY OF THE VERSES WHICH THE INVISIBLE SPIRIT
TOLD HER TO WRITE.

At the beautiful portals
Of the church through which we pass
To view, reposing upon flowers,
My lord and master—Saint Joseph.
Happy is the moment
When I reflect, what
Other can reach so
Powerful content.

If thou art the happy one
Who, transcending in my pains,
And all sinners are now
Crowding around me, tell
Me, then, if I shall pass
Through those elegant portals.

I ask them if they
Possess such great wisdom!
If thou art a virgin at this time!
Turn thou and never sin more.

Then tell me who believes
Most in the mysteries of the
Faith of our Lord and
Master Saint Joseph—
That he shall be my leader.
Tell me with great fervor
Whoever may enter the church.

Devoid of mortal sin,
Who is immortal, all powerful
And beloved, that all should adore.

When we come to be
Saved from all errors and sins,
We will appear most beautiful,
Full of grace and victory.
When he shall descend
From glory to repose
On flowers or roses.

Who is that lady
Yonder in a flood of tears,
That has become a martyr
For a treacherous crime?

In whom have we faith
That we might know what

Was the cause of our torments.
If you have a thought upon
Your lord and saviour—Saint Joseph.

This is a verbatim translation. Now this could not have been written by an uneducated Mexican woman.

The "martyr for a treacherous crime," no doubt, alludes to herself, as I learn her husband was jealous of her—foolish man. But the last verse—that's got me. I turn that over to you, and I acknowledge the corn. But not a bit of sense can I make of it, for I think she is crazy, or else it is some scheme of the priests.

MEXICAN WOMEN.—"During the progress of the siege of Monterey, there were constant and affecting evidences of the kindness of the Mexican women afforded to the soldiers of the American army—to the regulars as well as volunteers. When our men and officers were passing through the streets of the city, during the most exciting intervals of the battle, they would run out of their houses with baskets filled with bread and cakes of different kinds, and distribute the contents amongst the officers and soldiers, without the reception of fee or reward for their kindness. And it can be easily imagined that these were highly acceptable donations, inasmuch as many of us at the time were very much reduced in our stock of provisions. There were also many of us, during the siege and after we had entered the city, placed in different yards in the place, where we fired from the tops of the houses upon the Mexican troops, who were stationed in the public squares or plazas.

"Here, too, our toils and lassitude were greatly soothed by the tender assiduities of the Mexican females. There were some of them still remaining in the houses which backed upon these yards, who cheerfully tendered their services to cook for us, receiving a small amount of compensation from those who had money, and to those who were destitute of means, handing food without any reward whatever.

"The humanity of the Mexican women was also brightly manifested during the most intense heat of the action, in causing the wounded among the American soldiers to be removed out of the streets, where they laid weltering in their blood, into their houses, where they carefully and tenderly dressed their wounds, and provided them with food and drink. They also evinced the most ardent devotion to such of the wounded soldiers on the American side as were taken prisoners by the Mexicans, and sent to their hospital. They dressed their wounds, washed their clothes, and brought them fruit of different kinds, without any charge for their pains."
—[Cor. N. O. Delta.]

ADDRESS OF THE COUNCIL

OF THE IRISH CONFEDERATION TO THE HON. GEORGE
M. DALLAS, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA.

Council Rooms of the Irish Confederation,
9 D'Olier street, Dublin, April 3, 1847.

Sir: The last American mail conveyed to us the intelligence of the efforts on behalf of Ireland now being made throughout the United States at the recommendation of the great meeting convoked at Washington on the 9th of February, over which you were chosen to preside.

This intelligence lightened our despondency. We saw the greatest of the new nations of the earth moved by a universal impulse with sympathy for our country—the same men of all creeds and parties coöperating in giving effect to this generous sentiment—men, some of whom have already made for themselves immortal names; and we could not but infer that much of the success of the whole movement might be traced to the heartiness with which the second citizen of the republic led the ranks of your countrymen to our succor.

We do not feel humbled at receiving the aid of the American people, however it may reflect on the character of an empire, ostentatious in its pretension to superior power, wealth, and civilization, to permit what it calls an integral portion of itself to depend upon the voluntary contributions of a tradduced rival for its rescue from famine.

The Irish nation most sincerely desires to stand well with the people of America. Our recollections of America are all of a fraternal kind. When, in the year 1775, a congress first sat at Philadelphia, and when yet our senate deliberated in Dublin, your fathers cordially addressed ours, declaring that "the Irish parliament had done them no wrong," and expressing a hope that friendship and communion of spirit might long continue between the two countries. An eminent father of your constitution, Franklin, when representing your young commonwealth in France, addressed this nation in a similar spirit of cordiality. Nor did Washington and Jefferson—whose names are by us almost as cherished as by yourselves—refuse to entertain and to express a desire for friendly intercourse between the United States and this kingdom.

It is unnecessary, sir, to remind you that Mr. Burke and Colonel Barre, the most resolute advocates of the American colonists in the British parliament, were both Irishmen by birth and education; that General Montgomery, the protomartyr of your history, was a native of Donegal; that Commodore Barry, "the father of the United States navy," was a native of Wexford. These facts we do not recall boastfully. The orator and soldier did but their duty in asserting against England the cause of human freedom by word and deed. We recall their names only to show that from the first dawn of your country's existence it was the lot of our people to have been in some sort her agents at home and her allies abroad. Yet from this ground we raise no claim upon America, other than the natural claim of the children of departed friends for a continuation of the friendship which existed between their fathers.

Although, sir, since the days of Jefferson and Burke, Ireland has lost in power and America has gained, still we hope to be able to reciprocate the many good offices your country formerly, as well as lately, rendered us. We earnestly desire that the current of trade now setting to these shores from yours at the command of charity, shall continue to flow when the occasion of its first direction shall have happily passed away. What future relations important to both countries may arise from this direct commercial intercourse, it would be premature to anticipate.

We cannot, sir, avoid this opportunity of commending to you, and through you to our generous American friends, the Irish emigrants who, during the present season, will be landed upon your shores. They have a strong natural bias in favor of America, and all they require is information and experience to make them a service and a strength to their adopted country.

We lament that the disastrous condition of this island compels Irishmen to abandon their homes. We believe that Ireland, if wisely governed, would be capable of sustaining in plenty its present population. We are engaged in the prosecution of a policy which, by ensuring a separate legislation to this island, will concentrate within itself the elements of its regeneration, and we trust that the time is not far distant when we shall be freed from the necessity of appealing on behalf of our exiles to the sympathies of other nations, though we shall ever feel a pride in remembering that in our time of need those sympathies have not been withheld.

Permit us, in conclusion, on our own behalf, and on that of the Irish nation, to thank you for the distinguished part you took in the meeting of the friends of Ireland at Washington, and, through you, to thank the eminent senators, representatives, and citizens, who have so enthusiastically carried out the recommendation of that meeting, and have raised those extraordinary contributions throughout the Union for the benefit of Ireland of which every new mail brings additional intelligence.

WM. SMITH O'BRIEN, Chairman.

T. F. MEAGHER,

RICHARD O'GORMAN,

Junior Honorary Secretaries.

THE last arrival from England has brought us the subjoined enthusiastic acknowledgment of the charities of America, written just before the departure of the Cambria, and transmitted to us in the manuscript of the accomplished author.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

Written on hearing of the exertions making in the United States for the alleviation of the famine in Ireland. By MR. ALARIC A. WATTS.

A cloud hung o'er green Innisfail—gem of the silver main;
Oh! who that saw that fearful sight, might dare to look again.
The earth with fruitful verdure clad, man held his head on high,
(But man even in his best estate is less than vanity.)
Abroad he looked, o'er east and west, as though defying fate;
A curse went forth across the land, and it was desolate.
"Hope against hope" awhile prevailed, we said, 't is early dawn,
The day will show bright promise yet, the cloud will be withdrawn.
Men spoke in whispers, each one feared to meet the other's eye;
As iron seemed the sterile earth, as brass the sullen sky.
But Patience had her perfect work, abundant faith was given;
Oh! who shall say the scourge of earth doth not bear fruit for heaven?

Slowly arose the unwilling call, broke forth the smothered cry—
"Lo! famine cometh o'er the land—send succor, or we die!
The hand that smites our fertile fields, hath passed your island o'er—
Of your abundance let us share, and heaven will bless your store."

The bond of brotherhood prevailed, forgotten was
our strife,
And freely was our gold poured forth to buy the
staff of life.
A little while! a little while! and louder did they
say,
"Gaunt famine is within our gates, oh send us
help to-day."
Then children's eyes were dim with tears, and wo-
man's cheek grew pale;
Men who had braved the battle's brunt now trem-
bled at the tale.
We did not dare to turn aside, although in fear we
read,
And grain by grain was gold implored to buy the
famished bread.

Yet still went forth the strong appeal, still louder
waxed the cry,
Brave Self-denial started up, true fount of charity;
First Taste her idols sacrificed, the sinless joys of
mind,
Treasures that science priceless holds, were wil-
lingly resigned,
Lightly privation's self was borne, that we might
have to spare;
Rich boards with lavish plenty crowned, sank down
to hermit fare;
Beauty her baubles cast aside, as if in holy
strife,
Childhood its playthings *would* forego, and youth
the pride of life.
All hearts were opened, and each hand responded to
the call;
Weak Penury her mite cast in—the richest gift of
all;
The standard-bearers of the church, amid severest
woe,
As Israel, wrestled with their God, and said, Thou
shalt not go.*
As ONE MAN bowed the nation down, while myriad
voices prayed—
"Stand THOU between the quick and dead, and let
the plague be stayed."

YE never heard that fearful wail—YE never saw
the sight
That almost might put out the sun, and turn the
day to night.
No pleading glance to YOU was raised, YE heard no
suppliant sigh—
The voice that roused your heart of hearts was
inborn sympathy;
Or visitant, like his of old, that ever seemed to
say,
"Come over now to Macedon, and give us help to-
day."†
Broad ocean rolls between our homes, yet spirits
are akin;
Wide waters cannot quench the love the Christian
heart within.
Our prayer was to the Lord of hosts—to him our
hearts were spread;
The prayer was heard, and by your hands He
sends the daily bread.

* "And the angel said, let me go, for the day breaketh;
and Israel said, I will not let thee go except thou bless
me."—Genesis, chap. xxxii.

† "And a vision appeared unto Paul in the night.
There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying,
Come over into Macedonia and help us."

Prayer, that can pierce the highest heaven, can
reach beyond the sea;
Hearts that may never know your names, send
heartfelt thanks by me.
The blessing of the voiceless thought, that dies
upon the tongue;
A blessing on your matrons fair, and on your
maidens young;
A blessing be above your path—a blessing round
your bed—
A blessing on the stripling brave, and on the hoary
head—
A blessing, such as Christ bestowed, upon your
children small—
A blessing, "ere the sun goes down," upon you,
one and all—
A blessing on your fruitful fields, and on your gar-
nered store—
Rich blessings rest upon you, friends, now and for-
ever more.

17 Berners street, London, 3d April, 1847.

THE FACTORY GIRLS—HEAVEN BLESS THEM!—
The following brief communication will show how
cordially and effectively the factory girls of Lowell
have responded to the appeals made to their feel-
ings of sympathy and benevolence, by the distresses
of the suffering poor in a foreign land. We wish
that we were at liberty to make public the names
of those who have been the chief instruments in
this labor of love, but true charity seeks not the ap-
plause of the world, and the injunction of silence is
put upon our lips.

Merrimack Corp., Lowell, April 14.

FRIEND DREW—

A few evenings since we received a call from
two blessed "sisters of charity," who were re-
sponding to the appeal of the Christian Citizen, by
visiting every factory boarding-house in Lowell,
and presenting the claims of the suffering Irish.
The enclosed list proves that their efforts were not
in vain, though the result would have been far
more surprising and delightful, had the response
been as fervent as the appeal through the lips of
these most excellent females. One small board-
ing-house, upon this corporation, was the focus and
fountain of all the interest; and when I went in to
add my mite of labor to theirs, and saw the five
large boxes so nicely packed, I was astonished to
see how much a few weak hands could accomplish.

Dresses,	301	Shawls,	24
White garments,	252	Cloaks,	2
Men's " "	116	Heterogeneous,	107
Pairs of hose,	138		
" " boots & shoes	48	Total,	1,032
Quilts,	44		

I believe the above statement is correct, and
though I trust *our mite* will comfort some of Erin's
daughters, yet how small is it, to what it might
and *ought to have been*.—E. Burritt's *Christian
Citizen*.

From a letter to the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, dated London,
3d April.

MR. O'CONNELL.

MR. O'CONNELL is now perhaps in Rome; cer-
tainly he will be at the feet of the pope long before
this reaches you, *Deo Volente*. I have seen noth-
ing very alarming in the illustrious liberator's ill

ness, though I have had to furnish you with the accounts daily doled forth on the subject. I believe the learned gentleman has suffered much and must suffer more. There are three reasons why I state this so boldly. His physicians in London, at Hastings, and Paris, declare his constitution to be still sound, but they all recommend quietude and absence from public business. Strange unanimity! His son John works the Repeal Association, and, at the last meeting of that expiring body, declared that his father was only suffering from illness which had been superinduced by the awful condition to which Ireland had been reduced. I agree with John O'Connell; such is positively the case, and hence my three reasons. The distress of his native land, famine, fever and death, cannot but sensitively affect Ireland's noblest patriot;—that his universal panacea for every evil afflicting Ireland, the repeal of the union, if now carried out, would prove the curse of those who were deluded with the cry, must be gall and wormwood; independently of the fact that one half of the repealers have deserted his standard, glad to sneak away under any pretence, being thoroughly convinced that they have been humbugged, and that they too have found repeal nothing but "a mockery, a delusion and a snare;"—and lastly, because Mr. O'Connell must feel, with his large sacrifices and expensive family, the absolute loss of the yearly national tribute. No man can part with fifteen thousand pounds sterling a year, taking that sum as the average of the years of collection, without something more than an ordinary pang. I therefore repeat the phrase, Mr. O'Connell "has suffered much and must suffer more."

Ireland's liberator is quite right also in leaving his native country under existing circumstances. I have always contended, in your columns, that he never seriously wished for a repeal of the union, and his present conduct is full proof of my repeatedly reiterated assertion; for he now leaves Ireland to the succor of the Saxon. He knows, but too well, that she has no other hope, and no act of his, he is resolved, shall mar the bounty and sympathy poured forth towards the unhappily destitute in Ireland, from the august liberality of the crown down to the smallest mite of the humblest citizen. This is wise. O'Connell used repeal as a lever, a means to an end. Thus far he succeeded, for he forced the affairs of Ireland upon the attention of reluctant legislatures. Ministers were wrecked upon Irish questions, until Sir Robert Peel was compelled to exclaim—Ireland must now be ruled in accordance with the spirit of the times.

I may be wrong, but I do not think that the learned gentleman is fatally sick. He could do no good to Ireland here; he may be of service to the great cause of human progress abroad. The very wish to do so will resuscitate his energies, and in Pope Pius the Ninth he will meet a kindred soul. Who can foretell the result of those interviews, during which that pair of mighty minds will bring all their rare gifts to bear upon those great questions, the settlement of which involves the world's destiny?

At Paris an address was presented to the learned gentleman by Count Montalembert, from the Catholics of France, highly eulogizing his character and career. The reply of Mr. O'Connell was brief, simply thanking those who addressed him for a demonstration which he should ever regard as the most significant in his life.

From the Hartford Daily Courant.

LITERARY CANONIZATION.

A GLANCE at the periodicals for the past few months has awakened a desire to say a word or two respecting some questionable sentiments and modes of speech, which prevail too extensively in fashionable literature. But the pressure of politics in the immediate prospect of our late election, made it necessary to defer the task. Now that we have more leisure for the purpose, apropos to our design comes the latest issue of the *American Review*, a work so uniformly excellent in its tone, that we regret exceedingly that it should, in this instance, be defiled by the peculiarities alluded to.

On page 392 of the Review for April occurs this paragraph:

"We agree for the most part with Mr. Gilfillan's estimate of Keats and Shelley, but we utterly despise the affectation of sanctity, and the pharisaical whine with which he concludes the sketches of both. Out upon thee! thou narrow soul! Thinkest thou because bigots arrogate to judge these beautiful spirits, that God loveth not the choicest works of his creative skill!—When the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat, thou wilt know who of the race of men are most beloved by the Father of Spirits!"

We have not the volume of Mr. Gilfillan at hand, and therefore cannot judge how far he is open to the charge of bigotry, neither is it to the purpose. Mr. Gilfillan is not our game. What we object to is the assumption that these "beautiful spirits" are not to be called in question for the open utterance of infidelity, and that in spite of the hardest and most blasphemous atheism, Shelley is to be regarded as one of the "choicest works of God's creative skill," and an object of God's special favor and love.

Let it be noted that we do not propose to enter into any theological questions, nor are we at all disposed to usurp the power of judging of the spiritual state of Shelley, or any other man. While the critic under review seems to censure Mr. Gilfillan on this head, he himself assumes the right to sit in judgment, and declare what is to be the issue of the dread day to which he makes no faint allusion. He assumes to know, much better than Mr. Gilfillan, who is, and who is not, beloved by the "Father of Spirits."

It is one of the great and besetting sins of the day, under the name of criticism, to indulge in the most extravagant eulogies of men of genius, and, in effect, to elevate them above all moral accountability. The newest fashion was introduced by Carlyle, and since his advent we hear a great deal of "God-inspired poets," "seers," and all that. Every man of genius, forsooth, is lifted above the laws of morality, religion and decency, which plain men and women are expected to observe, and while denying the inspiration and ridiculing the authority of the Holy Scriptures, may claim inspiration for himself. In the name of all that is sacred in piety or valuable in morals, we protest against this kind of writing.

Shelley, the "beautiful spirit" so positively canonized, was an atheist. In his poems is found the most hideous blasphemy against the Scriptures, against the Christian system, and against the Deity himself. All the fine writing in the world cannot cover up this deformity. And yet here is a man quoting from the revelation which Shelley blasphemed, the awful imagery of the judgment which

Shelley defied, and assuming his perfect acquittal and glorification at that dread tribunal. While we are not presumptuous enough to anticipate that day, by predicting the sentence of any human being, we have a right to rebuke such language. No man is entitled to use it.

The truth is, and it is a truth that needs to be insisted upon, that all men, high and low, the learned and the unlearned, the man of genius and the man of the most humble mental endowments, *all men*, are amenable to the same law of morals, a responsibility of which they can never be divested. It will never do to condemn the vulgar, pot-house infidel, who makes obscene jests on holy things, and disgusts every sober man—and then attempt to cover up, by a cloud of fine words, the atheism which sports a more condensed and malignant blasphemy in the midst of gorgeous poetical visions. It will never do to give license to men of genius to outrage everything that is holy, and make their lofty endowments an all-sufficient mantle to cover the multitude of their sins. The only cloak that can be legitimately used, is that of tender oblivion. For the sake of genius, bright as any that ever illuminated the world, we would try to forget the dark shadow which was cast around it, and keep silence where we can but condemn. But when critics bid defiance to the instinctive judgment of all enlightened consciences, we must needs speak. We cannot consent that the inflexible standard of morality shall be discarded, and an æsthetic standard put in its stead. "The waving line of beauty" is no substitute for the "line and the plummet" of eternal rectitude.

In conclusion, we will quote from one who is no "bigot," Professor Wilson—who says of Burns, a poet almost infinitely superior (morally speaking) to Shelley :

"It makes my very soul sick within me, to hear the puny whinings poured by philosophical sentimentalists over the failings—the errors—the vices—of genius! * * * * While the hypocritical and the base exaggerated all that illustrious man's aberrations from the right path, nor had the heart to acknowledge the manifold temptations strowed around his feet—the enthusiastic and the generous, ran into the other extreme, and weakly—I must not say wickedly—strove to extenuate them into mere trifles, in too many instances, dared to deny them altogether; and when too flagrant to be denied, dared to declare that we were bound to forget and forgive them, on the score of the poet's genius—as if genius, the guardian of virtue, could ever be regarded as the pander to vice and the slave of sin. Thus, they were willing to sacrifice morality, rather than that the idol set up before their imagination should be degraded: and did far worse injury, and offered far worse insult, to virtue and religion, by thus slurring over the offences of Burns against both, than was ever done by those offences themselves; for Burns bitterly repented what they almost canonized; and the evil conduct of one man can never do so much injury to society as the evil theory of a thousand. Burns erred greatly and grievously; and since the world knows that he did, as well from friends as from foes, let us be lenient and merciful to him, whose worth was great; but just and faithful to that LAW OF RIGHT, which must, on no consideration be violated by our judgments; but which must maintain and exercise its severe and sovereign power over all transgressions, and more especially over the transgressions of those to whom nature has granted endowments that might have been, had

their possessors nobly willed it, the ministers of unmingled good to themselves and the whole human race."

From the Presbyterian Herald.

THE LAST WISH.

The wish of Mr. Wilson, the celebrated ornithologist, in regard to his burial place, is beautifully expressed in the following lines :

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak or waving pine,
Or old elm festooned with the budding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,
Or coffins dark and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones.

But let the dewy rose,
The snowdrop and the violet, lend perfume,
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch-tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And at the purple dawn of day,
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail shall pipe her song of love,
When eve grows dim and gray.

The black-bird and the thrush,
The golden oriole shall flit around,
And waken with a mellow gust of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

TO A STEP-CHILD.

Thou art not mine; the golden locks that cluster
Round thy broad brow—
Thy blue eyes, with their soft and liquid lustre,
And cheek of snow—
E'en the strange sadness on thy infant features,
Blending with love,
Are hers, whose mournful eyes seem sadly bending
On her lost love.

Thou art not mine; upon thy sweet lip lingers
Thy mother's smile,
And while I press thy soft and baby fingers
In mine the while—
In thy deep eyes, so trustfully upraising
Their light to mine,
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
To my soul's shrine.

They ask me, with their meek and soft beseeching,
A mother's care;
They ask a mother's kind and patient teaching,—
A mother's prayer.
Not mine—yet dear to me—fair, fragrant blossom
Of a fair tree,
Crushed to the earth in life's first glorious summer,
Thou art dear to me,
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted,
I call thee mine,
Till, fairer still, with tears and sin untainted,
Her home be thine.

Louisville Journal.

BUENA VISTA.

Written for the "Spirit of the Times," by the author of "Hymns to the Gods."
[Captain ALBERT PIKE, of the Arkansas Cavalry.]

FROM the Rio Grande's waters to the icy lakes of Maine,
Let all exult! for we have met the enemy again—
Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them
in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide:
Where the enemy came surging, like the Mississippi's flood;
And the reaper, Death, was busy, with his sickle red with blood.
Santa Anna boasted loudly, that before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast:
On came his solid infantry, line marching after line;
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine!
With thousands upon thousands, yea, with more than four to one,
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun!
Lo! Guanajuato's regiment!—Lo! Puebla's boasted corps!—
And Guadalajara's chosen troops!—all veterans tried before;
And galloping upon the right, four thousand lances gleam,
Where, waving in the morning light, their blood-red pennons stream:
And there, his stern artillery climbs up the broad plateau—
To-day he means to strike at us an overwhelming blow.
Now hold on strongly to the heights!—for lo! the mighty tide
Comes thundering like an avalanche, deep, terrible, and wide.
Now, Illinois! stand steady!—Now, Kentucky, to their aid!
For a portion of our line, alas! is broken and dismayed:
A regiment of fugitives is fleeing from the field,
And the day is lost if Illinois and brave Kentucky yield.
One of O'Brien's guns is gone!—on, on their masses drift,
And their infantry and lancers now are passing round our left—
Our troops are driven from the hills, and flee in wild dismay,
And round us gathers, thick and dark, the Mexican array.
Santa Anna thinks the day is gained;—and riding yet more near,
Minon's dark cloud of lancers sternly menaces our rear.
Now Lincoln, gallant gentleman! lies dead upon the field,
Who strove to stay those men that in the storm of bullets reeled.
Now, Washington! fire fast and true!—Fire, Sherman! fast and far!
Lo! Bragg comes thundering to the front, to breast the adverse war!
Santa Anna thinks the day is gained—on, on, his masses crowd,
And the roar of battle rises up more terrible and loud.
Not yet!—our brave old general comes to regain the day.
Kentucky, to the rescue!—Mississippi, to the fray!

Now charge, brave Illinoisans! Gallant Davis drives the foe,
And back before his rifles the red waves of lancers flow.
Upon them yet once more, my braves! The avalanche is stayed;
Back rolls the Mexique multitude, all broken and dismayed.
Ho! May!—to Buena Vista! for the enemy are near,
And we have none there who can stop their vehement career:
Still swelling, downward comes the tide; Porter and Yell are slain!
Marshall before him drives a part; but still they charge in vain;—
And now, in wild confusion mixed, pursuers and pursued,
On to Saltillo wildly drifts a frantic multitude.
Upon them with your squadrons, May!—Out leaps the flaming steel!
Before his serried column, how the frightened lancers reel!
They flee amain.—Now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair:
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring—
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.
Now, brave artillery! Bold dragoons!—Steady, my men, and calm!
Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder;—now nerve each gallant arm!
What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker than the hail!
We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the gale.
Lo!—their battery is silenced now: our iron hail still showers:
They falter, halt, retreat!—Hurra! the glorious day is ours!
In front, too, has the fight gone well, where upon gallant Lane,
And on stout Mississippi, the bold lancers charged in vain.
Ah! brave Third Indiana! ye have nobly wiped away
The reproach that, through another corps, befell your state to-day:
Like corn before the tempest crushed, before your storm of fire,
Santa Anna's boasted chivalry a shattered wreck retire.
Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely lost:
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries—his strong reserve moves on;—
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won;
Now for your wives and children stand! steady, my braves, once more!
Now for your lives, your honor, fight! as you never fought before.
Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely!—McKee and Bissell there,
Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills the astonished air.
The lancers are upon them, too!—the foe swarms ten to one—
Hardin is slain—McKee and Clay the last time see the sun;
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray,

Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones
far away.

Still sullenly the cannon roared—but died away at
last;

And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shad-
ows fast,

And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's
silver shield,

And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the
field;—

And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his
dead,

Despairingly and sullen, in the night Santa Anna fled.

And thus, on Buena Vista's heights, a long day's
work was done—

And thus our brave old general another battle won;
And still our glorious banner waves unstained by
flight or shame,

And the Mexicans among their hills still tremble at
our name.

So honor unto those that stood! Disgrace to those
that fled!

And everlasting honor to the brave and gallant dead!

SALTILLO, MEXICO,) A. P.
March 16th, 1847. }

SPIRITUAL DYSPEPSIA.—This is in some places a
prevailing disease. Allow me in a word to point out
its cause, signs, and remedy. It is *caused* by a want
of active spiritual exercise adequate to digest the
amount of instruction received. Those afflicted by
it listen to a great deal of preaching, but they do not
obey. They are hearers of the word, but not doers.
It is *indicated* by great fastidiousness of appetite.
They can eat nothing unless it is that which is pre-
pared solely to gratify the palate. Every sermon
must be as spruce, as neat, as beautiful, as the
choicest words or the flowers of rhetoric can possibly
make it, or it disgusts them. The *remedy*, as well as
the preservative, is, *to eat plain food and go to work*.
Be content with plain preaching, and practise what
you hear, "being doers of the word, and not hearers
only."—*Morning Star*.

TIME THE RESTORER.

Thou wingest thy flight o'er the realms of earth,
And its silent places are filled with mirth;
Thou stretchest thy hand o'er the desert place,
And the palace rises in marble grace;
The depths of ocean are touched by thee,
And green isles swell from the surging sea.

O'er the barren mountains thy foot has strayed,
And their heights are veiled with the forest shade;
Thou passest on, and the tiger's den
Is changed to the dwellings of cheerful men;
The heathen wilds by thy steps are trod,
And the Christian temple springs up to God.

The bones of millions in dust are strewed,
But the nation's strength is by thee renewed;
Genius and learning expire, but thou
Kindlest their fire on some younger brow:
Man must perish, but thou hast shrined
In thine awful temple his living mind.

Yet, O restorer of perished things,
Who scatterest life with thy ceaseless wings,
Who goest forth, and upon thy track
Youth and beauty and bloom come back,—
Powerful as o'er earth's realms thou art,
Thou canst not quicken the perished heart.

Thou canst not waken its wasted fires,
Its virtuous aim, and high desires;
Thou canst not call back the radiant train
Of hope and love to their bowers again;
Life to the lost one thou canst not give,
Nor say to the spirit of memory, live.

Yet there is a power strong to save,
There is an arm that unlocks the grave,
There is a spring in the realms of light
That restores the lovely, the young the bright;
Where the holy love of earth is crowned,
Where the dead revives, and the lost is found!

1847.

L. G. P.

Christian Register.

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